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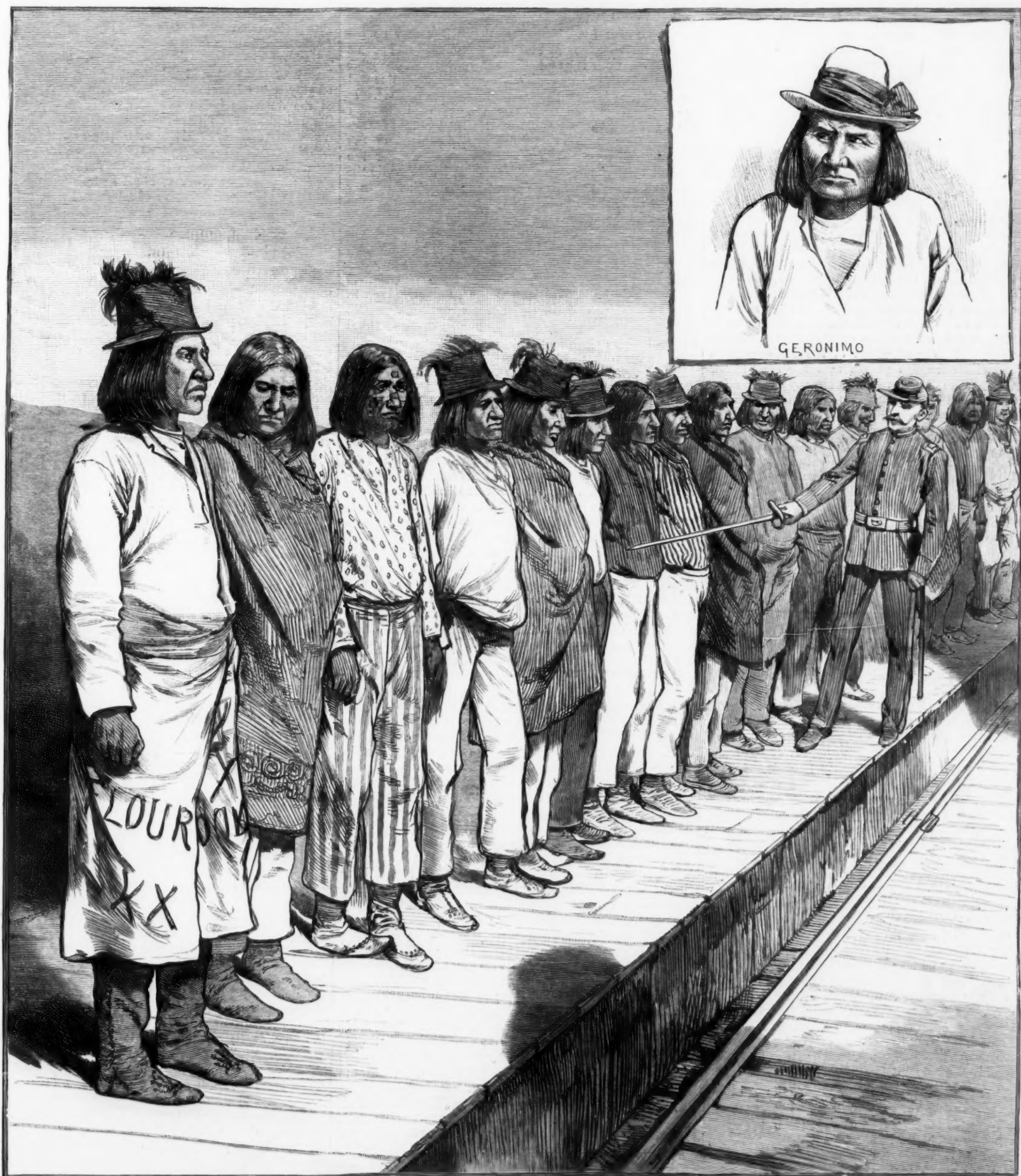


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THE PURSUIT OF THE HOSTILE APACHE CHIEF GERONIMO—MUSTERING IN WHITE MOUNTAIN APACHE SCOUTS
AT A SOUTHERN PACIFIC RAILWAY STATION ON THE PLAINS.

FROM SKETCHES BY M. PERRINS.—SEE PAGE 300.

FRANK LESLIE'S
ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.

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Mrs. FRANK LESLIE, Proprietor.

NEW YORK, JANUARY 30, 1886.

THE USES AND ABUSES OF SILVER.

THE writers upon Political Economy define money as a medium of exchange and measure of values. But the one definition includes the other. It is an agent or instrument of exchange because it is a measure of values. If that which is called money does not measure accurately the relative values of all things to be exchanged, it is not good money. *Money measures*, is hence the fundamental truth in finance. This is the chief, essential, almost only function of a circulating medium. That money, therefore, is best which measures best. That kind of coin or currency determines best the values of all exchangeable things which is itself the least variable in volume and value.

Hence it follows that gold is the best instrument of exchange because it is the best measure or standard of value. There can be, of course, but one standard of anything, whether of weights, measures or values. A "double standard" is a contradiction in terms.

As a matter of fact and of law, gold is now the standard of values in the United States, and in England, Germany and Canada, the three countries with which we are most closely united. To substitute by law, even if it were practicable to substitute, as a matter of fact, a standard or unit of value of silver or paper, depreciated by twenty per cent. below the existing legal standard, would cause a commercial revolution and impair the obligations of all contracts made in this country since 1873. Such an abuse of silver no disinterested business man, who comprehends the elementary principles of finance, for a moment contemplates. A single silver standard upon the basis of the present nominal dollar is hence unscientific, commercially impracticable, and flagrantly unjust to the whole creditor class in the United States. The bulkiness or weight of silver is sufficient in itself to forbid its adoption as the sole legal or business standard of values.

There can be but one legal-tender coin or currency in profitable use unless there is an exact equivalence in the two or more. The great utility of the Treasury notes and National Bank notes proves that the legal-tender quality is not essential to the usefulness of a circulating medium, provided its equality in value with the actual legal tender is preserved.

In the light of these general principles, what is the effect of continuing the compulsory coinage of silver under the Bland Act? Undoubtedly it is to remove silver further and further from its former equality in value with the only legal tender, gold. The multiplication of short-weight silver dollars, instead of bringing them into circulation, takes them out of circulation. Instead of such excessive coinage helping to monetize silver, it is rapidly demonetizing it; that is, removing it from general use as a measure of values and instrument of exchange. The silver miners unload their silver bullion upon the Government, for which they must have gold—all refusing to take their own lauded silver dollars—while the Government is unable to unload its coined and minted silver upon the people. The further the 79-cent dollar depreciates the more useless it becomes as a measure of value, until for such purpose it finally becomes worthless altogether. The silver men, by thus overdoing the coinage business, will defeat the very object they have most at heart—a continuing market for their bullion—because no Government on earth is so inexpressibly stupid as to long continue to exchange good money for bad, or, rather, for a commodity which cannot be used as money at all.

The stoppage of the compulsory coinage would at once improve the measuring capacity of every existing silver dollar, because each would at once begin to approach nearer and nearer to the one real standard of values, gold. By reason of the rapidity of the growth of the business of the country, we should soon pass from the present unmanageable excess of silver dollars to a relative scarcity of coin that could be made useful in moderate quantities.

No sensible business men wish to dispense with silver altogether as a part of our circulating medium. The problem is, how to bring it into more general use and circulation. This problem can only be solved by putting a stop to all coinage upon the present basis, and resuming coinage only when it may be necessary to supply a demand. But, of course, the only real dollar known to the world is the one containing one hundred cents' worth of silver. Any so-called dollar of less actual value than this is only a delusion and a snare.

THE QUEEN'S SPEECH.

THE Queen's speech is not encouraging to those who had hoped that it would embody some practical suggestions as to the situation in Ireland. It is hard and uncompromising throughout. It declares flatly that the Crown will resist to the bitter end any and all attempts to separate Ireland from Great Britain, and that, if existing disorders shall continue, resort will be had for their suppression to the enginery of force. Not a suggestion is

offered as to the cure of these disorders; not a syllable of encouragement is given to the people whose wrongs have reduced them to desperation, or to those who are honestly laboring for their correction. It is amazing that the British Government should shut its eyes so stolidly to the facts of the Irish situation, and so stubbornly refuse to learn wisdom from experience. The question of the present is not the question of maintaining the integrity of the Empire; it is that of extending to the people of Ireland the same rights and privileges which Englishmen enjoy as to their local concerns, and holding them in affectionate allegiance by removing all occasion for disloyalty of feeling. To threaten them with coercion, to ignore their just demands instead of patiently and fairly considering them—this will only aggravate existing evils and alienate the outside sympathy which the Government might otherwise enjoy in the struggle which is now imminent. Lawlessness in Ireland must, indeed, be repressed and punished, but the world will find nothing to admire in a policy which feeds the very distemper it professes a desire to cure.

Of course, after this defiant address of the Queen, supplemented by the equally uncompromising declarations of Lord Salisbury, no Home Rule measure need be expected of the present Government. The intimation that the scheme of county government reform, which is in preparation for England and Scotland, may be extended to Ireland, is at best only a promise; and such a concession, were it granted, would have no appreciable effect on Irish opinion. What Mr. Parnell's course will be in the crisis thus precipitated, is yet to be seen. It is obvious, of course, that there can be no alliance with the Conservatives; but whether Mr. Gladstone will formulate a policy which will command the support of the Nationalists, only the event can determine. For the present the "grand old man" waits and watches, to the end that whatever steps may finally be taken, they may be wise and effective. Insisting that the union shall be maintained, he appeals for justice and fair play. "Let us not," he says, "deviate from the path of good temper and self-command, but, forgetful of every prejudice, let us strive to do justice to the great, the gigantic interests committed to our charge." It is only upon such a broad and patriotic basis as this that the Irish question can ever be settled; and the Government that resists such a settlement, now or ever, will go to pieces, though backed by ten thousand shotted guns.

A HIGH BUT HOPELESS PURPOSE.

THERE can be no question as to the courage and sincerity of those Prohibitionists who insist on the proposition that, the liquor traffic being an utter evil, it cannot be compromised with, but must be fought root and branch, and that the contest must be waged altogether independently of political lines and parties. This is the spirit which has animated the Prohibitionists of Ohio for a whole generation, and in obedience to it they have employed all their influence against every proposition to tax the traffic, holding that by taxing it the State becomes a party to it—legalizes the unholy thing. In New York, this year, the Prohibitionists occupy the same ground. They say, "We will give no quarter to a high-license law such as that now pending in the Legislature, to impose a tax of \$1,000 on every dealer in spirituous liquors, and \$100 on every dealer in fermented liquors;" and their influence is thrown against the enactment of a law which meets the approbation of most conservative and practical men.

Now, what possibility is there that the Prohibitionists will ever secure prohibition on this plan? While we admire their courage and high purpose, it is impossible to forget the utter hopelessness of their policy. Mr. St. John, in 1884, having the advantage of party dissatisfaction on either side, which caused many Democrats and Republicans who were not Prohibitionists to vote for him, received only 1.49 per cent. of the total Presidential popular vote, and not a single vote in the Electoral College—this, too, after years of persistent agitation and a long trial of prohibitory laws in Maine and Kansas. Nor is there a single member of either branch of Congress who was elected as a Prohibitionist. Nor is the showing of their strength by States much more favorable. Last year was an "off" year in politics. Party lines were less stringent than they had before been for thirty years, and the Prohibitionists, in consequence, had especially favorable opportunities to poll more than their normal vote. Yet their percentages of strength in the total vote of the several State elections in 1885 were as follows: In Michigan, 4.76; in Ohio, 3.84; in Massachusetts, 2.25; in Rhode Island, 5.37; in Nebraska, 3.51; in Pennsylvania, 2.41; in New Jersey, 4.89; in New York, 3.01; in Maryland, 1.21. In Kentucky, where the Republicans and the Prohibitionists voted for the same candidate, he received 26.93 per cent. of the total vote; but that is scarcely more than the usual Republican vote alone.

Without considering the high moral ground the Prohibitionists assume, it is necessary only to bear in mind this showing of their hopeless numerical weakness to see how improbable it is that they will finally succeed in their measures. The fact is, that their opposition to a high-license tax, no matter how high or worthy their motives, is opposition to restrictive legislation which will lessen evils if it does not remove them; and just to the extent that this opposition may delay such legislation they will be responsible for the continuance of the evils

in question. No man is excusable for refusing to do as much good as he can, merely because he cannot do all that he may desire to do. If we cannot have the millennium, let us at least pave the way for it by diminishing the obstacles which lie in its path.

EMPLOYMENT OF WOMEN AND CHILDREN.

IT is both necessary and proper that the interests of working women and children should be protected by judicious legislative enactments, and we are glad to see that their cause is finding eminent advocates in many of our Legislatures. Several States have already adopted legislation which forbids the employment of children under a certain age and definitely regulates the hours of labor. This has been done in New Jersey, for example; and Massachusetts, in addition, has a law which provides for twenty weeks' schooling in every year for working children. In New York there is no law directly regulating child labor, and Governor Hill, in his recent Message, called attention to the desirability of abolishing labor by children under fourteen years of age. In the past, petitions to a similar effect have been made by the State Medical Society, the State Workingmen's Assembly, and other organizations. Through labor-reform members, Bills have recently been introduced into the Connecticut Legislature, providing that no woman, and no child under sixteen, shall be employed for more than ten hours daily in any factory, and that no child under twelve shall be employed in manual labor under any circumstances. One of the demands which the Knights of Labor make of State legislators is the non-employment of children under fourteen in workshops, mines or factories. Of Congress this organization asks the enactment of laws securing equal pay for equal work for both sexes, and shortening a day's labor to eight hours.

All this is in the direction of additional protection for the weak against the strong, and it has been proved often enough that helpless women and children need some safeguard against the rapacity and brutal selfishness of employers. The restrictions as to the age of working-children are prudent and necessary, although they are often evaded. It should be said, however, that such legislation may be pushed too far, resulting in the enforced idleness of children whose labor is essential to the support of families, and who are willing and able to work. In such cases injustice is done to the very class intended to be benefited; but in so far as general legislation can be made to cover widely divergent cases, the limit of fourteen years seems a wise one.

Equally, if not more important, is the question of better sanitary conditions for women and children while at work. Attention is given to this matter in a clause of the Connecticut Bill, forbidding employment of any child under sixteen in manufactures of lead, arsenic, glass, explosives, etc., dangerous to health or life, or in any factory not properly ventilated and fitted with fire-escapes. Women as well as children should have the guarantee afforded by careful official inspection of the safety, ventilation, lighting, heating, and even the plumbing, of buildings in which they are employed. It is an outrage that women and children should be forced to work amid unhealthy and dangerous surroundings. Of the justice of equal wages for equal work for both sexes there can be no doubt, although the rights of women workers are yet imperfectly recognized. If the work be equal in amount and quality, there is no reason except the law of might for paying the shop-girl \$7 weekly, while the male clerk beside her receives \$12, or for paying a female bookkeeper \$10 or \$12, while the male bookkeeper is paid \$20 to \$25. It is one of the most encouraging features of the current labor movements that an advance is being made in the protection of working women and children.

THE PRESIDENT AND THE SENATE.

THE Republican members of the Senate are in danger of making themselves ridiculous. They undertook to "demand" of the President the "reasons" for the suspensions and removals from office made during the recess. They have been compelled to recede in a degree from this position, which appears to have been advocated chiefly by Senator Morrill. Their "demand" has been modified into a request to members of the Cabinet for information in regard to suspended officials, and we understand that all the Committees except that on Finance have received the papers asked for. On the part of the Senate, the question of "demanding reasons" is held in abeyance. The President's attitude is, that papers on file in the departments will be furnished, but reasons for the President's acts will not be, at least by members of the Cabinet. In other words, the President is guarding against encroachments upon Executive rights and privileges, just as he has refrained from interfering with the Legislative branch.

The phrase "by and with the advice and consent of the Senate" was designed as a reasonable check upon the appointing power, and the Senate can properly reject or confirm appointments. But it was not intended that the Senate should reject all nominations where reasons may not be given by the Executive for making them; for in this case the Senate would usurp the disposition of public offices. Furthermore, the President is authorized to suspend civil officers during the recess "at his discre-

tion." The language is significant. It means that the President can act from reasons which seem good to him. The Senators have no right to insist upon being informed regarding his motives, for he is expressly accorded liberty of choice and action. They can deal only with results. Granting that the Tenure-of-office Act empowered them to "demand reasons," this authority was taken away by a statute passed in President Grant's time, and the Act itself is still viewed with so much suspicion that we may expect its repeal. This attempt to make party capital is already condemned by many of the Republican Party leaders, and it goes without saying that, among non-partisans, it is regarded with utter disapproval.

GOING TO EXTREMES.

PUBLIC feeling is warmly in favor of all reasonable measures calculated to increase the wages of laboring men and to improve their condition. A good deal that is said against the operation of the prevailing competitive system is just and true, and all right-thinking people are in favor of any modification of the system that will give to the hand-workers more leisure and comfort and a wider field for the employment of their abilities.

But there is danger that "professional" workingmen and self-styled "reformers" will make such extreme demands as cannot receive the approval of anybody who wishes to retain a semblance of law and justice. For instance, when they libel a great hotel on the ground that contractors hired non-union men to paint its interior, and when, in resentment, they place spies on guard to harry the guests of the house by informing them that they are henceforth "under ban," the public will strenuously disapprove. When, as their State Convention did in Albany last week, they resolve not only to boycott all who employ Chinese labor, and all who sell the products of that labor, but also "all citizens who may in any manner assist the Chinese," they manifest a spirit of savage intolerance which will be regarded with disgust and disdain.

It is perfectly well understood that our Mongolian residents are not hated and abused because they are exceptionally bad and vicious; the hoodlums who attack them do not care, primarily, whether they are vicious or virtuous. They are persecuted chiefly because they are thrifty, non-resistant, industrious, economical and sober, and are, therefore, able to work cheap. The spirit of the assault on them is not only vicious on that particular ground, but it is densely ignorant. An increase of honest laboring men in a country does not diminish wages; it increases wages. The average wages of our laborers is nearly twice as great now as it was nearly thirty years ago, when there was a wild agitation against letting any more "cheap laborers" come in from Europe, and the rate of wages continues to rise all the while. The amount of labor which would buy only \$75 worth of the necessities of life in 1850, would buy \$143 worth of those same commodities in 1880. Industrially, the Chinaman who lives on a spoonful of rice a day will no more do harm than does a labor-saving machine that lives on half a spoonful of oil. His social influence is another matter.

JUSTICE FOR POSTMASTERS.

A NOVEL and important convention will assemble in Chicago on the 15th of February. It will consist of the third and fourth-class postmasters of the United States, who propose in this decisive way to appeal to Congress for the redress of grievances which have long demanded correction. The fourth-class postmasters are paid only by commission on the value of the stamps they cancel; and when Congress reduced the rate of postage, it reduced their pay while increasing their work. They now ask to have their commissions increased so that they will get the first \$100 received for stamps instead of the first \$50, as now.

The third-class postmasters, some of whom do an enormous amount of work, and are debarred from engaging in any other business, desire the Government to pay their expenses for rent, light, fuel and clerk-hire, the same as it has always done for officers of the first and second grade. Every Postmaster-general for ten years has recommended that these changes be made, but Congress, with its usual sluggishness, is still delinquent, and the law has not been modified.

As to box-rents, too, the postmasters, who framed the measure authorizing the box system, ask that they be given the entire revenue for the rental of boxes instead of delivering it to the Government, as now. They feel that if they invest their money in the purchase of attractive outfits, and then do the extra work, they are entitled to the income which it yields. As one of them puts it: "There would be just as much right and justice in the Government insisting upon counting in as the gross receipts of my office the income from two or three houses I happen to own, as for it to deprive me of the box-rents on the boxes my money bought and paid for."

There is simple justice in these claims, and it is gratifying to know that the postal authorities agree in the opinion that they ought to be conceded. Senators Conger, Wilson, Logan, and many others, are cordially in sympathy with the movement. These lower-grade postmasters are notoriously overworked and underpaid. A third-class or fourth-class postmaster is compelled to furnish his own office-room, fuel, light, pens, ink, paper, mucilage, pencils, account-books and all incidentals; while the first and second-class are allowed all of these, besides deputies, clerks, janitors and boot-blacks, and from \$3,000 to \$10,000 a year salary.

The laborer is worthy of his hire. Let justice be done to these servants of the people without any further delay.

ECHOES FROM ABROAD.

WE have commented elsewhere on the Queen's speech to the British Parliament. The Loyalists of Ireland continue to demand that the Government shall suppress the Land League, and declare themselves ready to back such a policy with all the power

at their command. The Land Leaguers retort that they will hold their ground at whatever cost, and that any attempt to interfere with the League will be met by bitter retaliation. Meanwhile, the situation of the people is growing worse every day. There is, apparently, more destitution than since the awful Winter of 1879, the tenants having spent the most of their little store of ready money in going into the delusive land courts, and the laborers having had no work whatever. Already famine and scenes of violence are beginning to be repeated. Mobs of starving men are breaking up the meetings of the Poor Law Guardians with demands for food. It would be supposed that under such circumstances as these, evictions would cease, but, in fact, the cruel work goes on more industriously than ever. A single judge in Kilkenny issued in one day, recently, 200 writs of eviction, and this is a sample of what is going on in fifteen counties.

Although the armistice in the Balkans is certain to continue for some time yet, if only because the weather will render campaigning in that region impracticable during the Winter, the prospect of permanent pacification is still remote. Prince Alexander has made peace with the Porte, and also with Russia; and having gained his primary object in the practical fusion of the two Bulgarias, could well afford to yield in the petty matter of Servia's choice of Bucharest as the place for the coming negotiations. Unless the attitude of Servia and her supporters be materially changed, however, it is difficult to see how these negotiations can have a peaceful outcome. Her continued military preparations, as well as those of Greece and Montenegro, are evidently inspired from Vienna. Under such a condition of things, Bulgaria cannot think of disarming; and Russian officers are returning to their old places in Prince Alexander's army. With Russia and Austria as the respective champions of opposing interests of vast importance to each, no ordinary diplomacy is likely to break the present deadlock.

The Spanish revolutionists continue to give uneasiness. There are rumors of a new expedition being prepared by Carlists and Republicans in France; and the Spanish Ambassador in Paris has been charged by his Government to protest against the alleged communications between members of the French Ministry with Zorilla. There is no apparent foundation for these reports, but they show the extreme apprehension existing in Spain.

The Turkish Commissioner for Egypt has proposed that a Turco-Egyptian army be organized for the defense of Egypt, in place of the English army now in the country, as, in his opinion, the latter army is too costly a burden for Egypt, in view of her limited revenues. The English Commissioner has asked for instructions as to this proposal.

TWENTY years ago, Senator Ramsey of Minnesota gave his wife her choice between a \$200 block of land in Minneapolis and a new Spring bonnet. Mrs. Ramsey inquired in the bonnet market, and accepted the block of lots instead. It has just been sold for \$90,000. There is no moral to be drawn from this, because the lady died two years ago, so that she would personally have been better off if she had taken the Spring bonnet.

THE House Committee on Civil Service Reform is evidently not in sympathy with the political Bourbons. By a unanimous vote, it last week decided to report adversely a Bill to repeal the reform law, and there is no probability that this decision will be reversed during the present session. The law will no doubt be amended in some particulars, but the amendments will be in harmony with the wishes of its friends. The reform has come to stay.

AMERICAN diplomacy has achieved another signal triumph. Some years ago, Minister Schenck succeeded in establishing "draw poker" as the fashionable game in England. Now Consul-general Waller has signaled himself by introducing egg-nog, and the "new American drink" is in high favor with all thirsty Londoners. Secretary Bayard will, of course, promptly make public the Consul-general's official report on this interesting international event.

UNITED STATES SENATOR PAYNE of Ohio has, upon second thought, concluded that he cannot afford to ignore the charge that his election was procured by bribery, and has written to the Investigating Committee of the State Legislature demanding an opportunity to be heard, and placing at their disposal "his private correspondence and books of account." It is now in order for the managers of the Senator's canvass to come forward with a similar offer. Will they do it?

A CONSOLIDATED corporation of cranks known as the—but why advertise it?—announces that it is about to lay compressed air pipes in the streets of New York and under the waters of the North and East Rivers, to the end of cooling off this city in Summer and making it an admirable seaside resort for six months, and heating up the city in Winter and making it a ditto ditto for the other six months. It will keep ice out of the river and bring in tropical fish. All that is now needed is the money and the confidence. But why do we linger over the fascinating scheme, when it cannot be realized before the beginning of the next century, a dozen years or so ahead? If we could only change places with our children!

THE Presidential Succession Bill, as passed by Congress and approved by the President, has one defect, which it is already proposed to rectify. Under its provisions, in the event of the death of the President and Vice-president-elect between the time their election is declared and the 4th of March ensuing, the succession for the four ensuing years would fall to a Cabinet Minister of the old or outgoing Administration. This would open the way for intrigue and perhaps violence; and to avert such a contingency, a Bill has been introduced in the House which proposes that, in the event of the death or inability of both the President-elect and the Vice-president-elect, the House of Representatives shall elect a President. Whether the proposed arrangement will command the approval of Congress, is yet to be seen.

A PUBLIC that is at least cold and cynical on the surface, that is not easily fooled by clap-trap and pretense, that is tremendously down on sham philanthropy, and has only scorn and contempt for sinners that attempt to masquerade as saints, never fails to appreciate and applaud the genuine good deeds that come to the surface, and has even a warm and tender spot under its crust of world-weariness for the good old-fashioned virtues. The Gloucester fishermen, by their lives of constant endurance, by their sturdy honesty, by their frequent exhibitions of unostentatious self-sacrifice and of real heroism, have long held, in aboutequal shares, the sympathy, the admiration and the respect of their fellow-citizens. An example of the stuff of which they are made has recently come to public view in the person of a fisherman who was badly frozen on George's Bank in 1883, by which he was incapacitated for further active life on the sea. A subscription of \$500 was raised for him, and with this capital he opened a small store, since which he has done well. The other day he called at the office of the *Cape Ann*

Advertiser, and astonished the editor by handing him \$500. When asked for an explanation, he simply said that he had always considered the \$500 as a loan, and that he now wished it to be given to the needy widows and orphans of fishermen. Verily, as an exchange said, in commenting upon this incident, that does one's heart good to read, "The salt has not lost its savor in Gloucester."

THERE does not appear to be any good reason why that part of the Territory of Dakota lying south of the forty-sixth parallel of north latitude should not be admitted into the Union as a State. It has the area and more than the population usually possessed by Territories applying for admission, and the Constitution framed in September last, and ratified by the people two months later, is republican in form and spirit, and entirely consistent with the best sentiment of the time as to all questions and interests of real importance. Why, under these circumstances, should the people be denied the advantages which flow from the establishment of a State Government? It is to be hoped that the Bill for the admission of the Territory, just favorably reported by the Senate Committee, may receive the early and prompt approval of both Houses of Congress. It will certainly do so unless political considerations, rather than those of justice and the public interest, shall be permitted to determine the action of our legislators.

A BILL has been introduced into the New York Legislature authorizing the veterans of the State to erect on the Capitol grounds at Albany a monument to the women whose fidelity and sympathy contributed so much to the triumph of our arms in the War of the Rebellion. The State Treasurer is authorized to receive subscriptions, and if these do not amount to \$15,000 in ten years, then they are to be paid into the support of the Soldiers' Home at Bath. There would be no difficulty, we think, in raising the amount named for an object so proper and commendable, and there seems to be no reason why the Bill should not be passed at once. A monument to the loyal women of the State, whose efforts and sacrifices during the bloody struggle which resulted in the establishment of the national life upon foundations which no one, either North or South, would now disturb, would not add anything, indeed, to the grandeur of their achievements, but it would be to coming generations an "object lesson" at once impressive and significant.

IN harmony with a suggestion made in these columns a few weeks since, the special committee on book-thieves appointed by the New York Library Club has made a report recommending the preparation and exchange of black-lists. The necessity for such action is painfully urgent, and the reasonable benefits are self-evident. The most disgraceful, as it is the most singular, feature of these prospective black-lists is that they will contain the names of prominent and wealthy citizens—women as well as men—rather than the obscure and those unable to gratify their literary tastes in a legitimate way. The fact that such lists are in the hands of every librarian, together with descriptions of the class of books which suffer at the hands of the individual klepto-bibliomaniac, supplemented with the names of suspected thieves, and that duplicate lists are exchanged between all the public libraries, will doubtless have an excellent effect. The fear of exposure and publicity will save hundreds of books annually; in fact, each black-list will do duty as an able and generally efficient policeman for the library where it is in use.

THE celebration, this week, of the quarter-centennial of the admission of Kansas as a State into the Union recalls the bitter and bloody struggle which led up to that result, and the wonderful events and changes which have taken place since its consummation. Not only has slavery been abolished and the life of the nation adjusted to new conditions, but the balance of political power has been transferred to new hands—from the East to the young and marvelous West, of which Kansas herself is one of the conspicuous factors. When, at the close of the fierce Territorial conflict, which raged for five years, Kansas attained to the dignity of Statehood, her population was but a little over 100,000; now, it is over 1,250,000, while in point of production, resources and wealth, she is rapidly advancing to a foremost place in the sisterhood of States. Great as she is, however, in all the elements of material prosperity, she is still greater in the intelligence, thrift and high moral sentiment of her people; and if she shall continue to be governed by the ideas which have controlled her hitherto, her future will be even more glorious than her past.

THE sudden death of Miss Katherine Bayard, accomplished, lovable, and a favorite in the first social circles of the land, has brought genuine grief to hundreds of hearts in Washington, and in her native city, and inconsolable bereavement to Secretary Bayard and his wife. "Killed by the pace of social life" may seem a sweeping verdict to render upon the sad case which has thus deprived the national capital of one of its brightest women; yet there can be little doubt that it was the strain of those brilliant receptions of which Miss Bayard was the life and spirit which snapped the cord of her own existence. No doubt her active prominence in social affairs was in a measure the necessary incident of her position, but this cannot be said as to most cases in which like results are invited. The conception of social duty which requires that young women shall, for whole seasons together, remain in thronged and heated parlors until long after midnight, then read themselves to sleep or take opiates, and not rise until the middle of the following afternoon, is certainly at fault. As a matter of health merely, without reference to "republican simplicity," it is to be wished that Fashion's legislators would bear in mind certain demands of Nature, without waiting for her to relentlessly punish their neglect.

THE common, seven-by-nine, everyday sort of thief, who in stealing one's purse only succeeds in getting trash, was long ago sunk into insignificance by the achievement of the predatory rascal who was reported to have stolen a red-hot stove. He, in turn, was distanced by the Chicago man, or men, who last season stole a wooden dwelling-house, removing it with so much adroitness and such absolute secrecy that a search after the missing property was fruitless. Here in New York we are credited, or discredited, with some fairly clever thieves, as the reading of a single day's newspapers will amply attest; but the metropolis can only claim a second place in competition with the more enterprising West. Again has the record been broken, as they have it in sporting parlance, and Louisville leaves Chicago sadly in the rear. The Kentucky city supports its claims to dubious pre-eminence in the recent spiriting away of a two-story brick residence of eight rooms, of which the owner only found a few sample bricks left, on visiting the site of the building a few days since. This appears to suggest a new problem to the architects who claim to have already furnished us with time-defying, weather-tight, fire and burglar proof houses public and private. Now, style and all the other good qualities must be supplemented by examples of thief-proof architecture warranted to "stay put."

The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated Foreign Press.—SEE PAGE 391.



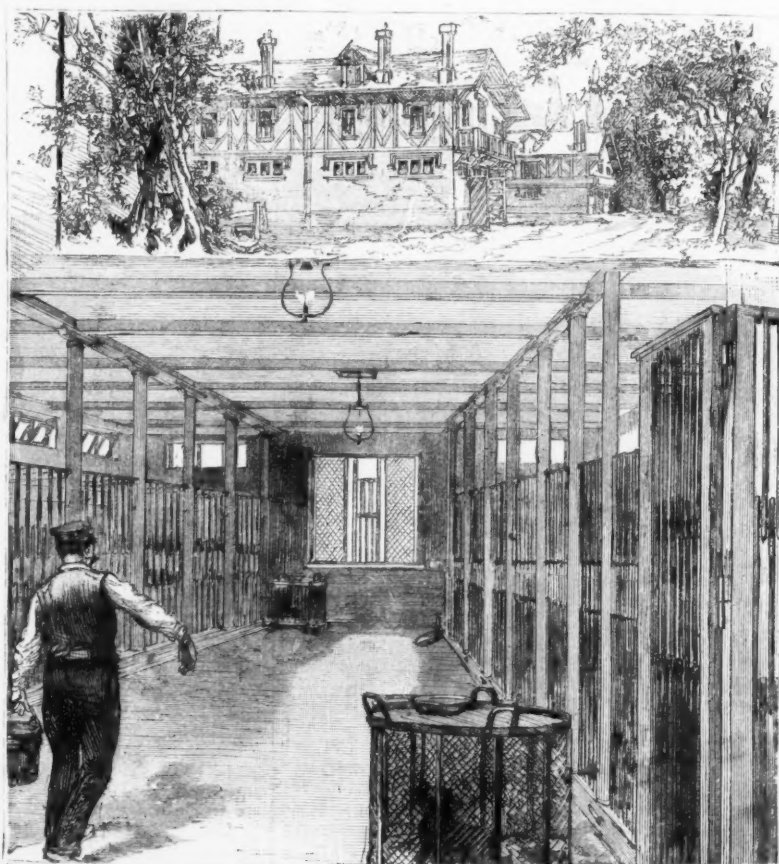
Sir West Ridgway, British Commissioner. Count Kuhlberg, Russian Commissioner.
THE AFGHAN FRONTIER.—RUSSIAN AND BRITISH COMMISSIONERS AT ZULFIKAR, NOVEMBER 12TH, FIXING THE SITE OF THE FIRST BOUNDARY POST.



RUSSIA.—NEW MONUMENT TO ALEXANDER II., AT PETROZAVODSK.



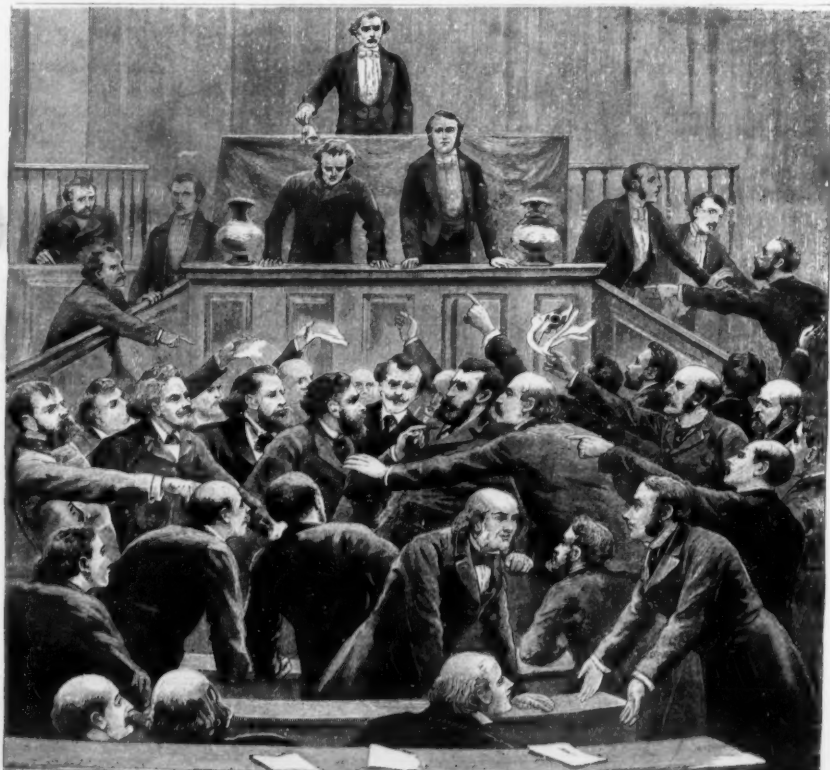
GREAT BRITAIN.—THE OPENING OF PARLIAMENT, JANUARY 21ST—ARRIVAL OF NEW MEMBERS IN WESTMINSTER HALL.



FRANCE.—M. PASTEUR'S SUPPLEMENTARY LABORATORY AT VILLENEUVE-L'ÉTANG, NEAR PARIS.



BURMAH.—READING THE BRITISH PROCLAMATION TO THE NATIVES.



FRANCE.—SCENE IN THE NATIONAL ASSEMBLY AT VERSAILLES ON THE OCCASION OF M. GREVY'S RE-ELECTION, DECEMBER 28TH.



MARCOS ANTONIO DE ARANJO, BARON DE ITAJUBÁ,
BRAZILIAN MINISTER TO THE UNITED STATES.
PHOTO. BY BOSCH.

BARON DE ITAJUBA,
THE NEW MINISTER FROM BRAZIL TO THE UNITED STATES.

THE latest accession to the diplomatic corps at Washington is the Minister from the Empire of Brazil, Marcos Antonio de Arango, Baron de Itajubá. The Minister was born, February 8th, 1842, at Hamburg, where his father was then acting as Brazilian *Chargé d'Affaires*. With his father's promotion as Minister from Brazil to the aristocratic Court of Berlin, he proceeded to that city in 1851, and entered the French College there, and afterwards took a course of study at the University of Berlin. Subse-

quently he entered the University of Gottingen, where he was graduated in 1863, taking the degree of D. L. The same year he entered the Brazilian diplomatic service as *Attaché* at Berlin. While serving in that capacity, he was called to the Foreign Office at Rio de Janeiro, in 1866. The following year (1867) he was sent as first-class *Attaché* to the Legation at Paris, where he served his Government with credit until 1874, when he was promoted to the position of First Secretary of Legation. In the meantime he had been appointed as acting Secretary to the Viscount de Itajubá (his father), Brazilian Arbitrator in the matter of the *Alabama* Claims before the Geneva Tribunal, in 1871 and 1872, and in that capacity became intimately connected and familiar with the proceedings of the great Peace Tribunal for the settlement of national disputes.

The Viscount de Itajubá having retired from diplomatic service at the end of the year 1881, the Baron de Itajubá was promoted to the rank of *Chargé d'Affaires* in France, and held this position for three years, when he was further advanced in the diplomatic service and sent as Minister Resident at the Court of Spain. After a few months' residence at Madrid, the baron was again promoted, and appointed Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary to the United States, and presented his credentials to President Cleveland on the 10th of December last.

As would be inferred from the foregoing, Baron de Itajubá is a gentleman of high capacity and large experience in statecraft and diplomacy. He is popular in the diplomatic circles of Washington, and finds as much to admire in the United States as his august sovereign, Dom Pedro II., did in his travels through it some few years ago, being, besides, equally as democratic in his manner of life. As might be expected, he is a good linguist, speaking several foreign languages as fluently as his mother tongue.

COUNT LEO TOLSTOI.

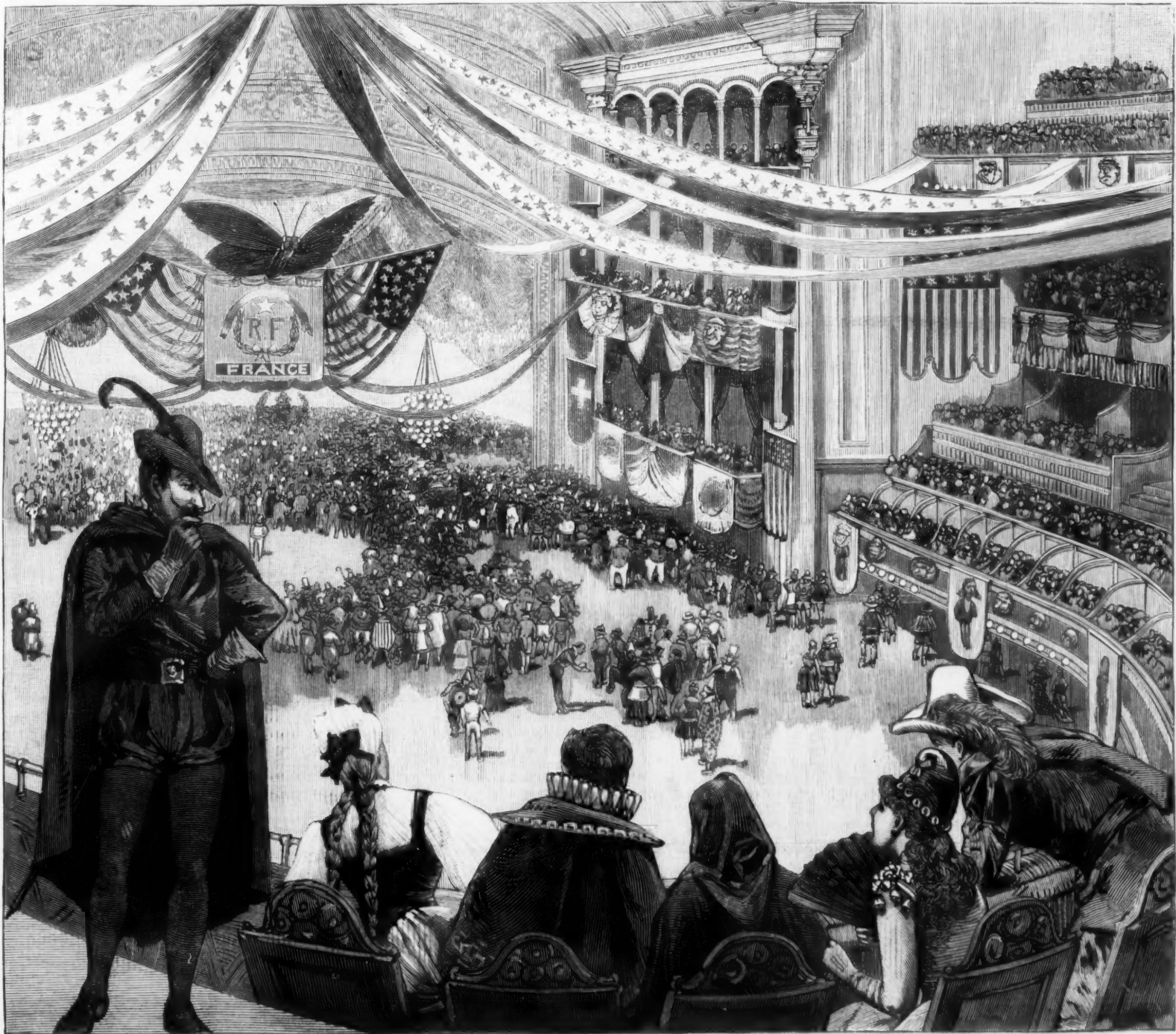
IF Count Leo Tolstoi had never written anything but the pamphlet recently translated into English, entitled "My Religion," his name would find world-wide recognition. But Count Leo has written also a number of novels which are considered by the Russian, German and French critics as equal to the best productions of Dickens, Thackeray, Tourguéneff, or any other novelist of the first rank. "War and Peace," "Anna Karenina," and "Cossacks," by Tolstoi, will live as long as any novel by Tourguéneff.

Aside from being a first-class writer, Leo Tolstoi is a very conspicuous character in other respects. He is a man who has lived through all the intellectual and moral phases to which Russian society has been subject for the last quarter of a century. He has experienced personally all the pleasures of the world, and he has found them all to be vanity and vexation of spirit. By birth and education he belonged to the best society, and yet that society had



COUNT LEO TOLSTOI, THE RUSSIAN NOVELIST.

no charms for him. He took part in the Crimean War, but the soldier's rôle was not to his liking. He was made a courtier, but the life at the Imperial Court did not please him. The literary world of Russia honored him as a master equal, if not superior, to Tourguéneff, and yet he did not feel satisfied. He was rich, and he tried in good earnest to reform the degraded classes in Moscow; but when he learned how deep were the social wounds, his hands dropped in exhaustion and his heart was filled with despair. Some ideal led him upward, but he did not see the right way of reaching it. It was then that, being about fifty years old, he thought of suicide. His acquaintance with some members of a religious sect in Russia proved a salvation for him. He became



NEW YORK.—THE MASQUERADE BALL OF THE "CERCLE FRANÇAIS DE L'HARMONIE" AT THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC, JANUARY 18TH, AS SEEN FROM THE GALLERY.

SEE PAGE 391.

a deeply religious man. Being an original mind, he found in the Gospel an ideal of society which could not be approved of either by the Czar's Government or by the Holy Synod of Russia. What are the views of Tolstoi, the reader may find in his pamphlet, "My Religion."

Count Leo is a typical Russian. In his views he goes to an extreme. He renounces all the bars existing between the different classes. He makes away with all the boundaries of various states, forming a universal brotherhood. He rejects all the principles which collide with Love. He is an apostle of a new religion adapted to the reform of both preachers and laymen.

It is very probable that Count Leo Tolstoi will finish his days either in the Siberian mines or in a cell of some Russian convent which serves as a religious prison.

SILENT SOUNDS.

YOU do not hear it? Unto me
The sweet low sound comes ceaselessly;
And, floating, floods the earth and sky
With tender tone.
You do not hear the restless beat,
Upon the floor, of childish feet—
Of feet that tread the flowery street
Of heaven alone.

At morn, at noon, at eve, at night,
I hear the patter, soft and light,
And catch the gust of wings, snow-white,
About my door.

And on the silent air is borne
The voice that from my world was torn—
That left me, comfortless, to mourn,
For evermore.

Sometimes floats up from the street
The boyish laughter, bird-like, sweet—
I turn, forgetfully, to greet,
My darling fair:
Soft as the ripple of the stream,
Breeze-kissed beneath the moon's pale beam,
How strangely real doth it seem!
And he, not there.

Ah, no; you cannot hear his call;
You catch no laugh, nor light footfall
I am his mother—that is all;
And he who said,

"I will not leave thee desolate,"
Has, somehow, loosed the bonds of fate,
And left ajar the golden gate
Which hides my dead.

NELLIE WATTS McVEY.

MISS MARPLOT.

BY RACHEL CAREW.

"WOULD you mind taking Ethel March with you for a few weeks' idling in the Tyrol? The child has been working hard, and needs a bit of freshening sorely; unless you take pity on her, she will have to spend the entire Summer listening to Frau Moser's graphic description of her husband's difficulties with his liver, the eccentricities of her boarders, etc. You are the one person in a thousand to take charge of Ethel, for you are going to a sleepy, unfashionable little corner of the Tyrol, happily not yet infested by blighting swarms of our English-speaking race, and not likely to have fascinations for Ethel more dangerous than the picturesque. The fact is, *entre nous*, Mrs. March has arranged a brilliant future for her pretty daughter. You remember Jack Coniston, a merry, handsome boy of eighteen, we met in Interlaken seven or eight years ago—he bade fair to be a good specimen of that intelligent, attractive animal, the English gentleman, and has fulfilled his promise unquestionably. Furthermore, in true sensational romance fashion, an uncle in India has lately been accommodating enough to try his luck in the *Grand Peulstre*, leaving Jack a large fortune. The young fellow, still fancy free, has seen some of Ethel's sketches, her photograph, and one or two of her quaint, amusing letters, all of which seem to have impressed him most favorably. Quite by chance, of course, it has come about that Mrs. March, Ethel and Mr. Coniston are to be among the Christmas guests at Harewood; Ethel will have then finished her three years' course of violin-study at the *Conservatoire*, and her fond and impecunious mamma has set her heart upon her darling completing the conquest she seems to have begun. Ethel is a very pretty, taking girl, aside from her great gift for music and drawing, and Jack Coniston may think himself a lucky fellow if she fancies him. This pretty plot must not be spoiled by Ethel's falling in love with any one else, so you will see the necessity of guarding her from temptation. She will be safe enough at Tegernsee (whither you are bound, I believe), with its Summer swarm of worthy Munich bachelors, who partake of underdone veal and beer under the trees, and walk about the trees with their hats off, in noisy raptures over *die Natur*."

The above is an extract from a letter I received while packing my trunk, prior to a departure from Munich in search of *Stummerfrische*.

I liked Ethel March very much; she was a sweet, shy maiden of twenty, with bronze-brown hair, dark purple-blue eyes, and a swift, ready blush, which, though very annoying to its proprietress, was vastly becoming. She had decided musical genius, and she with her violin was a delight to the eye and ear not easily forgotten.

I had half made up mind to ask her to join me on my trip before this letter came to end my hesitation. The child crept very willingly under my protecting wing; I was of a certain age, and could play the rôle of an argus-eyed chaperon to perfection—or, at least, I had heretofore. It would be pleasant for me to have a young companion. Mrs. March could not come to look after her offspring herself, and the arrangement seemed to give general satisfaction. Alas!

"The best-laid plans o' mice and men
Gang aft agley."

Our preparations were quickly made, and after a short journey by train and a long drive in the diligence, we were deposited at nightfall before the "Post Hotel" in Tegernsee. Bradshaw briefly describes this resort as a "charming lake in the Bavarian Tyrol, surrounded on the north with high mountains. Walks to an old Abbey, converted into a royal palace by Maximilian I., with a church containing frescoes."

Finding the apartments of the "Post" very redolent of horse, and the prices also high, we took one of the furnished rooms further down the street, which Herr Bunge, a squat little man, with a velvet skullcap and a perpetual smile, placed at the disposal of Summer visitors.

For a moderate outlay of coin of the realm, undisputed right was offered us, for a month, to the room, coffee and rolls in the morning, the ministrations of a red-cheeked maiden, the view over the lake, two gantt candles per week, and matutinal hot water and freedom of the garden, all of which we accepted with little hesitation.

The Bunge establishment was a very enterprising one, and seemed to take care of itself in some mysterious way. There was no presiding goddess except Helena of the rosy cheeks, but Herr Bunge and his two sons seemed to conduct with great ease a loan library, an infirmary for disabled watches and spectacles, an emporium of wools and silks for fancy work, a small squadron of boats for hire, and, most perplexing of all to temperaments more nervous than the Bunges' were blessed with, the whims and vagaries of half a dozen lodgers to be appeased daily. The library boasted proudly of containing the cream of literature in three languages. Among the English books, some bound volumes of *Chambers's Journal* for 1860, "Rasselas," a work on diseases of the ear, and somebody's "Book of Beauty," occupied a place of tempting prominence.

We seemed to have chosen a safe, quiet nook for my pretty little *protégée*; a gouty old gentleman in a wheeled chair, two middle-aged ladies, and a pastor's family from Partenkirch, were our fellow-lodgers. Ethel was scarcely likely to fall in love with Adolf and Martin Bunge, estimable young men though they were. They seemed to lend a helping hand in the preparation of the family dinner, for we often had brief visions of them paring the homely but nutritious potato, or with silent, carpet-slipped steps, bearing through the passage what seemed like preparations for a general dish-washing. When off duty, Adolf retreated to the garden to play "Ich hatt einen Kameraden" and "Long Ago" on the concertina, with more or less satisfaction to his auditors. Nor could I discover cause for uneasiness among the guests at the Restaurant Guggemoos, where we dined and supped in the garden, with distractions in the way of pigeons and occasional Tyrolean musicians. Possibly I was over-anxious about Ethel; she was a quiet, mouse-like little thing, not much inclined to flirt unless strongly encouraged; but Julia seemed to have put the child's fate in my hands since writing that letter, and I would not for worlds have Mrs. March's plan frustrated through any neglect of my duty as guardian to her daughter.

From the German lodginghouse-keeper point of view, our garden was a gem. It had the proverbial oleaners in green tubs, an austere *gummi* tree, colored glass balls in which we saw ourselves hideously distorted, diversifying the geranium beds, and a summerhouse more earwiggy than usual, but resplendent with colored prints from the *Illustrated London News* on its bark wall. The view over the lake was exquisite, with its boundaries of cloud-hung mountains, lesser hills flecked with homely chalets of a warm brown tint, and on our side the undulating plain with its luxuriant cultivation, and our not unpicturesque village sprinkled over one corner.

"How jolly that they have boats! I'm very fond of rowing—aren't you, Miss Curtis?" said Ethel, one morning.

Privately, I loathed little boats, but not wishing to appear disagreeable, I murmured something about rowing being a very healthful exercise.

"But you must never venture out on the water alone, Ethel, for fear of an accident," I took care to add.

Next, to keeping a tight rein over her youthful affections, I must have an eye to her physical safety, and see that she did not spoil the game by drowning herself. I began to feel other people's daughters a great responsibility, however docile and lovable they might be.

That afternoon we embarked in the *Taube* for a row on the placid bosom of the Tegernsee. Our gondolier was a fine, fresh-looking young fellow of about twenty-five, strong and well-made, and with a walk and carriage very different from the ordinary country lout. In spite of rough, torn clothes, he had a clean, well-kempt look about him unlike his fellows, and I was particularly struck with his teeth, white and even, and pure as Ethel's own. His name was Franz, and he always fell to our share when we went out on the water, though there were many other boatmen about. Ethel chatted German with him, for practice, and he seemed capable of maintaining quite an intelligent conversation, though I understood but little of what they said. The fellow had very fine blue eyes, and I liked to see them brighten and soften when Ethel spoke to him.

Ah, me, what a blind old sheep I was!

As Franz was rowing us across to Rosenneck one afternoon, I began to lecture Ethel upon the folly of leaving her flannel petticoat and other comfortable garments at home, instead of bringing them for use in this changeable mountain temperature.

With a twinkle in his eye—the saucy, forward fellow!—Franz informed us that he understood English from having been in America, where he also learned to speak that language.

Having noticed three men about the roads, suspiciously like English tourists of the better class—one of them a little inclined to haunt Ethel—I encouraged her to spend a great deal of time on the water during the next few days. I fondly imagined her perfectly safe under the sturdy guardianship of the rustic Franz.

Water-lilies grew in seductive abundance at one end of the lake—these languid, waxen beauties who are our modern mermaids, enticing unwary youth into all sorts of dangers.

One evening, when the water looked warm and

rosy in the kiss of the sinking sun, Ethel sprang into a boat alone, and paddled out to the floating garden of lilies. I, from the summerhouse, was relieved to see Franz in another boat hovering near, though he was absorbed in fishing, and apparently unaware of Ethel's movements.

Suddenly there was a loud cry, a splash, an exclamation in uncommonly pure English of "Thank Heaven, I am in time to save her!"

I sprang up from my knitting and reverie, and to my horror saw Ethel's boat floating bottom upwards, and Franz, with one arm claspings her dripping *protégée*, swimming back to the shore, which was nearer than the boat from which he had plunged to her rescue.

She had tugged too hard at those refractory, firmly anchored lilies, and had lost her balance. I shiver yet at the thought of the possible consequences had not Franz been near. He had always been near ever since our arrival—strange that this fact did not strike me earlier!

Though I could ill spare it, I took a twenty-mark gold piece from my purse and gave it to Franz—he certainly deserved a reward for his bravery and prompt action.

He seemed not at all pleased with my gift, flushed hotly, stammered something I did not in the least understand, and was very loath to take it. I supposed he thought the reward not munificent enough—it wasn't much, certainly, but he might have seen that we were people of small means. Beyond a drenching and great fright, Ethel seemed none the worse for her ducking.

The next afternoon, as she had quite recovered from the shock, we went for a walk up the hillside to a chalet where we had already been more than once for a drink of delicious milk. The house was an ideal peasant's dwelling, low, rambling and irregular in outline, with a big, brooding roof, time-dyed with beautiful hues of chocolate and chestnut, with a bell and crucifix at its gable, combining suggestions of temporal and spiritual needs—i.e., reminding the family dispersed over the fields of dinner and prayer-time. The heavy old furniture, quaintly painted with historical and *genre* scenes, would have delighted the soul of an antiquarian. Old-fashioned roses grew in wild profusion in the garden, and here they gave us our milk in tall glasses with porcelain lids, on which were painted bunches of edelweiss, chamomile-heads, Tyrolean hunters, and other suitable devices.

Käthi, the daughter of the house, looked after the cows, and for this pastoral duty she wore the approved costume of that part of Bavaria for cowherd maidens—a coarse blue blouse tucked into a pair of homespun breeches of generous girth, gray woolen stockings, stout shoes with big nails, and a blue linen apron. Ethel wanted to make a sketch of her in this attire, more practical than ideally feminine, and with this intent she left me and vanished in the direction of the stables.

During her absence I ensconced myself on a bench under the trees, where, with a recent mushroom novel, I hoped to while away an hour or two very pleasantly. In time I became aware of somebody crossing the garden to where I sat—a tall, gentlemanly-looking young fellow, with English clothes and complexion. Headless of clove-pinks, pansies, any other bonny flowers in his path, he came directly towards me, and, lifting his hat, stood before me for a moment without speaking. He puzzled me; his face seemed oddly familiar, and yet I could not remember ever having seen him before; perhaps in a dream I had held converse with him.

"I beg your pardon, Miss Curtis," he began. "You perhaps do not recognize me, 'all shaven and shorn.'"

As he spoke, my bewilderment vanished. "Surely you are Franz, our boatman! What do you mean by masquerading in this dress?" I exclaimed, rather angrily.

"It has been a masquerade for the past six weeks or more, Miss Curtis, and I am appearing in my true colors now. Pray don't be angry, but listen to the explanation I have followed you here to make."

He sat down beside me, and, though I was very indignant at the trick he seemed to have played upon us, curiosity, and his strength of will, forced me to listen.

"My name is Frank Morton," he added. "My people live in England, and are, I flatter myself, a passable lot, far better than their unworthy representative here. I can give you letters innumerable wherein our social standing, my grandmother's maiden name, and other important facts, may be ascertained. I have been studying *genre* painting for the past four years in Dresden, Munich and elsewhere. Last Winter my funds ran very low. I was one of the proverbially poor artists, you know; and, as ill-luck would have it, I took a severe cold, and my health threatened to get to as bad a pass as my fortunes. When the Summer came, one of my chums said in a joke: 'Why don't you go to some Summer resort and hire yourself out as boatman or guide? You could cast all follies of dress to the winds, go unshaven and collarless; your earnings would be enough to live on, your health would be restored, and by Winter your income would begin again.'"

"I seized upon the suggestion as a good one, and put it into practice at once. I'm stronger and better than ever in my life before, and for other reasons I feel devoutly thankful to Tom for his advice. Before I turned boatman I had finished and sent to Berlin a painting upon which I had lavished a year or more of my best work. It has sold well, far beyond my highest expectations, and I have two good orders to fill during the Winter, which you will admit is a good beginning. In addition to this stroke of luck, I had a letter this morning informing me of a very comfortable legacy left me by an aunt, so I think I may resign my post of boatman to some needier fellow. Heaven knows I needed the earnings when I be-

gan! I hadn't enough to buy a dinner, and I hated to beg from my people. I spoke German well, and looked strong, so I found work easily enough at the busy season."

"What is your next plan?" I asked.

"As I now have a good career before me, and a moderate fortune, I purpose to ask Miss Ethel March to share it with me."

"Good heavens," I cried, "you mustn't do anything of the kind! Her mother would be frantic. There is Jack Coniston, and—"

"Franz" flushed darkly.

"Is Miss March already engaged?" he asked, seizing my arm with a nervous grip.

"No; she doesn't know anything about him yet; but her mother thinks—and we all think, in fact—that he is a very good match for her."

"Unfortunately, I am in the path. Jack Coniston or any other man must win his way to Ethel over my prostrate body, unless she changes amazingly from the mood I left her in to speak to you."

"Has she been talking to you?—the sly, deceitful minx!"

"Yes, for the past hour over in yonder field. I fear her sketch of Käthi is not a brilliant success."

"Certainly young people of the present day are most forward and ungrateful," I began, trying to feign a resentment which, in spite of my common sense, I could not really feel. There was something winning about this venturesome young scamp which overcame my righteous indignation.

"Come, Miss Curtis, you mustn't be angry," he began, coaxingly. "I believe Ethel is fond of me. I have loved her since the first moment I saw her. We will be very happy together, with you for our best friend. Of course she may have the other fellow if she prefers him; but I somehow think she will let him go. By-the-way, I would like to return you this"—and he gave me back the gold piece, his reward for saving his sweetheart from a watery grave.

The next day my last hope for the happy issue of Mrs. March's plans was dashed by Ethel's informing me that she loved Frank Morton, and would never marry anybody else in all the wide world.

I was seriously troubled, for I seemed to have played my part very badly, and feared the vials of Mrs. March's wrath would be poured over my head when she should hear this story. Bitterly I repented my foolish amiability in taking the charge of Ethel, and, after dispatching letters to England, I spent a very miserable night. While waiting in horrible suspense for Mrs. March's answer, news came from another quarter of Jack Coniston's engagement to a rival beauty.

At their first meeting, Ethel's mamma also fell in love with Frank Morton, our ex-boatman, so my mental torture was all in vain. Although it often wins me a reputation for extreme churlishness, I now always refuse to chaperon pretty young girls in the absence of their natural protectors.

THE PURSUIT OF GERONIMO, THE HOSTILE APACHE.

I HAVE just returned from a trip to the region of cactus and lava-beds, the land where Geronimo, with a little band of followers, is leading the United States troops such a wild and fruitless chase. I journeyed over the Southern Pacific, and at Fort Bowie we were delayed while cars containing a band of eighty Indian scouts, the tents and supplies, were attached to our train. No passenger was allowed to enter the car in which a spruce United States infantry lieutenant and his dusky charges were packed together. When curious passengers asked the reason for this, they were informed that the greatest care had to be taken to prevent the Indians from getting whisky. "I suppose ye know," said the conductor, "that to give them red devils a drink all around would be to turn 'em all into hostiles in an hour."

The Indians behaved very well, although even the hardy conductor, who in common with all Western people hates the Indian, expressed sympathy for the spruce lieutenant. At a small station, a mere platform on the plains, the Indians disembarked, and their tents and arms were unloaded. Their arms, by-the-way, were kept out of their reach while in the car, lest they should indulge in a little sportive firing at each other, or shoot the windows out of the car. A more motley throng of heathens than those scouts could not be imagined—certainly not by the ingenious artist who, in a recent issue of a pictorial newspaper, represented nearly naked Indians on a dead run in pursuit of the hostiles. The Indian scouts who are in pursuit of the hostiles are not naked. Supplies had been issued to them to fit them for the excursion—white canvas pantaloons, calico skirts, and hats, etc.—but with Indian eccentricity those who had not thrown their hats away had straightway cut off the brims, and slashed out the tops of the crowns so as to allow their hair to protrude. One buck had bartered off, or lost, his pantaloons, and was supremely happy in a pair of flour-sacks—one for each leg—in lieu of pantaloons. Another buck, proudest of all his clan, had by a singular stroke of fortune secured a red cotton table-cloth, which he wore about his shoulders with apparent joy and glory. Some of the other bucks, evidently not willing to be entirely eclipsed, had secured blankets whose sombre hues did not, of course, match the glory of the red table-cloth. There was no earthly need for blankets, but an Indian, and especially an Apache Indian, believes it to be his religious duty to wear all he can get, if he swelters. Hence, some of the bucks had on four, and even six, shirts apiece. As our train rolled away we saw the lieutenant making frantic efforts to "dress up" his men in line on the station platform, but they did not "dress up" with any more regard for uniformity than they had dressed their persons. All of them were gaudily frescoed with war-paint. One of the poor bucks had eased the canker of envy at his heart when he gazed on his brother-warrior with the red table-cloth, by plastering postage-stamps on his face. He indeed looked fierce and warlike. Not an Indian would have gone with the expedition without war-paint, and when once on the trail, the scouts will not go faster than it suits their lazy inclination, and no Indian is strongly inclined to overdo himself in pursuing one of his own race. The scouts were White Mountain Apaches, while

Geronimo and his ten followers are known as Chiricahua.

Before Geronimo became a hostile he consented to allow a local artist to make a portrait of him, although with much suspicious squinting. This portrait is given herewith. It was taken when he gloried in a gaudy sash about his hat such as is worn by ladies, an old pair of spurs, and a discarded cartridge-belt. He and his few followers are more dangerous than an army of civilized fighters, for they can murder like the fiends they are, and like fiends elude the grasp of their pursuers. Imagine a great area of territory as large as Ohio, almost a wild waste, and eleven bloodthirsty devils upon it, who know every water-course and every vantage-ground, while their followers have no such advantages, and the power of Geronimo and the difficulty in capturing him can be appreciated.

M. PERKINS.

THE FRENCH BALL.

"THE French Ball," as it is understood in New York, may be either that of the Cerele Français de l'Harmonie, that of the Amicitie Society, or that of the French Cooks. The first mentioned is the most conspicuous of the three revels, though they are all alike in affording a great deal of fun of the "fast and furious" order, under the cover of masks and gorgeous costumes. It is scarcely necessary to say the French Ball is not primarily a distraction of the elite. It is, however, greatly in vogue with theatrical people, "jolly" brokers, and men about town, besides being one of the established sights which no person seeing life in New York city is willing to miss. The dancing usually begins after midnight, and ends somewhere about sunrise. But sedate dancers do not tarry long after the witching hour of 1 A. M.; and spectators who view the kaleidoscopic picture on the floor from the security of boxes, see it gradually fall into a chaos—more or less bacchanalian. Ideas as to what constitutes "a good time" vary widely with different tastes, and the French Ball is an inevitable feature of the gay season. From a spectacular point of view, as it has been treated by our artists, the Ball which took place at the Academy of Music on the night of the 18th instant was indisputably a brilliant affair, quite up to the standard of its predecessors; but perhaps the public morals would not have suffered had it never taken place.

ICE-BOATS ON THE HUDSON.

THE ice-boat rivals the toboggan in being the swiftest thing on land, water or ice. It skims the great frozen rivers like a bird, its favorite courses being the Hudson, the Shrewsbury, the Delaware, the Kennebec and the St. Lawrence. The present season, thus far, has not given us much ice-boating south of Maine; but the Hudson and Shrewsbury clubs are daily looking for a good old-fashioned freeze, and when that comes, the racing will begin with a rush. Poughkeepsie is the great centre for the sport, and its club holds the national challenge pennant. The officers of the Poughkeepsie Ice-boat Club for the current year are as follows: *Commodore*, Theodore V. Johnston; *Vice-commodore*, William R. Innis; *Secretary and Treasurer*, Thomas H. Ransom; *Regatta Committee*, Thomas H. Ransom, Theodore Van Kleek, William F. Booth.

PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE FOREIGN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

THE AFGHAN BOUNDARY COMMISSION.

Early in November last, Colonel Kuhlberg and M. Lessar, representing Russia, and Sir West Ridgway, representing Great Britain, met at Zulikar, to begin the actual work of demarcating the new Afghan boundary. The camp of the Russian, like that of the English, Commission was pitched on the bank of the Heri-Rud. The British Commission, composed of thirteen officers, was escorted by a detachment of Bengal Lancers, while a sotnia of Cossacks formed the Russian guard. The first meeting of the delegates of the two countries took place on November 12th, and on the following day they began their work by erecting the first boundary beacon at a point on the road from Puli-Khatun to Zulikar, two versts to the north of the latter place. The work thus commenced at Zulikar is to be carried on to the Murghab River, and thence eastward through the desert to Khodja Saleh, on the Oxus. The latest news is that the demarcation of the Russo-Afghan Boundary has been completed as far as Maruchak.

MONUMENT TO CZAR ALEXANDER II.

A new monument to Czar Alexander II. has just been erected in the City of Petrozavodsk, of Olonetz Province, Russia. The Liberator is represented in the uniform of a general, with the imperial mantle thrown over his shoulders. In his right hand he holds a roll, inscribed, "Febr. 19, 1861," the date of liberation of serfs in Russia. The statue is by the Academician Shreder, and the pedestal by Professor Tomishko. The dedication ceremonies consisted of a short prayer and the singing of "Eternal Remembrance" to the late Czar, after which the veil was removed, and the monument shown to the people, while a salute of 101 guns was fired by the artillery.

THE OPENING OF PARLIAMENT.

Through the dull, heavy weather of a January day in London, Queen Victoria rode from Buckingham Palace to the Houses of Parliament, last Thursday, to open the session. The royal pageant was in accordance with the traditional custom, the Queen's carriage being drawn by eight cream-colored horses, and escorted by the Household Cavalry. There were crowds in the streets, and some cheers, as a matter of course. The House of Lords, crowded with peers and peeresses, judges, ministers and bishops in full court dress, presented a spectacle of unusual brilliancy. The Queen's speech, which is commented upon elsewhere in this paper, was read by the Lord Chancellor. Her Majesty, of course, took no active part in the proceedings, and is described as "looking as if she were suffering from a cold." The scene in the House of Commons was also of great interest, on account of the speeches of Mr. Gladstone, Mr. Parnell and others, and the first appearance of the new members upon the scene of their future political labors in Westminster Hall.

M. PASTEUR'S ESTABLISHMENT AT VILLENEUVE-L'ETANG.

When, in 1884, M. Pasteur demonstrated before the French Academy of Sciences and Academy of Medicine the success of his experiments in the preventive inoculation of dogs against hydrophobia, the Government adopted measures for enabling the great chemist to continue his work on

a more extensive scale. Before operating upon a human being, it was necessary to ascertain, by further experiments upon animals, the duration of the immunity resulting from an inoculation with attenuated virus, and also to test the efficacy of inoculation upon a subject already bitten by a mad dog. All this required time, and larger facilities than M. Pasteur possessed in his laboratory at the Ecole Normale. Accordingly the Government set aside for his use one of the outbuildings of the chateau at Villeneuve-l'Etang, the estate having been abandoned since the war of 1870. In a large hall, on the first floor of what was formerly a stable, M. Pasteur established his laboratory, with sixty or seventy dogs in separate cages, each carefully labeled and watched. The increased facilities thus afforded have saved a year or more of the scientist's precious time, and enabled him to bring his discoveries up to the present practical stage. Otherwise, many of the persons who have been inoculated by him during the past few months would have suffered a frightful death from hydrophobia.

READING THE BRITISH ROYAL PROCLAMATION TO BURMESE NATIVES.

The crowning point of the most profitable of England's recent petty wars was marked by the Royal Proclamation on January 1st, "that the territories formerly governed by King Thebaw will no longer be under his rule, but have become a part of Her Majesty's dominions." Our engraving represents a British officer in the act of reading this proclamation to an assemblage of natives. The conquerors are not as yet in peaceful possession of their newly acquired territory. Dacoity is still rife around Mandalay, and much uneasiness prevails. The Europeans long for the arrival of Lord Dufferin, the Viceroy of India, when it is hoped that a firm policy will be adopted. Meanwhile, the forces under the rebel princes are daily increasing, and an attack upon Mandalay is threatened. One of the latter—Prince Alompra, son of the late king—has been captured and shot, with two of his adherents. A Bengal native regiment has left Calcutta, and is hurrying to Mandalay to reinforce the British troops there.

THE RE-ELECTION OF M. GREVY.

The scene in the French National Assembly at Versailles, on the 28th ult., when M. Grévy was re-elected President of the Republic, was not one of untroubled tranquillity. The epithets "liar" and "traitor" were freely exchanged, and M. de Cassagnac, in sarcastic allusion to the venerable Chief Executive, cried out, "Enbalm him!" M. Grévy is seventy-eight years old, but a hale old gentleman, a staunch though conservative Republican, and altogether, perhaps, the safest man that France could have to-day at the helm of her somewhat storm-buffed Ship of State.

PROHIBITION IN KANSAS.

JUDGE BREWER of the U. S. Circuit Court in Kansas has given an important decision in a case arising under the Prohibitory Law of the State. The plaintiff sues for the value of his brewery, destroyed by the law prohibiting the manufacture of beer. The Court decides that the State can prohibit the manufacture, but that the plaintiff can recover the damage he has sustained by such prohibition. The case will no doubt be appealed.

STEINITZ ON CHESS.

The following is from a *Tribune* interview with the famous chess-player:

"What are the qualities requisite to make a good chess-player?"

"First, I should say, judgment. That judgment may be intuitive or acquired by long practice. Intuitive judgment is the highest gift. That implies originality—capacity to depart from the beaten track. Then come the qualities of accuracy and what might be called far-seeing. One may be good at mapping out a general plan, but weak in carrying out the details. Another may be accurate in his play, but not good at planning. The good chess-player must have both qualities. Memory and imagination—the power to see with the mind's eye the men in various combinations—are important elements."

"What temperament do you think the best?"

"The nervous temperament. A race-horse has finer nerves than a donkey. It requires a delicate organization to produce the fine combinations necessary to rank as an expert. Good chess-players generally suffer much from their nerves."

"What do you think of chess as a mental exercise?"

"I think it does for the brain what athletics do for the body. It both stimulates and conserves the mental powers. Chess-players as a class live long. A statistician has computed that the average duration of life for a professional chess-player is sixty-five years. Like every mental and physical exercise, it may, of course, be overdone. A man should not go in for more of it than he can stand, and he soon finds out what his limit is. It is opposed to the drinking habit and the gambling spirit. Therefore it is a good game for the working-man. It ought to be generally encouraged."

"Will you give me your estimate of Paul Morphy as a chess-player?"

"I know," replied Mr. Steinitz, smiling, "that is a delicate subject to speak of where Americans are concerned. He is their chess idol. But I will speak of him frankly. I owe much to him. His victories in Europe first stimulated me to take up chess in earnest. I tried to imitate him until I found that modern progress had improved upon his play in some respects. There can be no doubt that the man had a genius for chess-playing. He was the best player of his time. He was original. He invented new openings. But it is proved by these that great progress has been made since his day. Many of them have been modified by the accepted chess masters of this generation. The popular notion as to Morphy's style of play is erroneous. He was not a brilliant player, according to the ordinary understanding of that phrase. He didn't sweep Napoleon-like over the chess field, making apparently reckless sacrifices to get at the King. He belonged rather to the modern school of chess-players. His play, that is when he met good chess-players, was strong and safe. In his sixty-three match games he never voluntarily sacrificed a pawn. When he played with weaker players, of course he was able to exhibit the brilliant headlong sort of play that captivates the spectators. It must be remembered, also, that of the many players he conquered who survived his retirement from the chess field only one remained in the front rank—Anderssen. What Paul Morphy did is on record. What he might have done, had he retained his faculties unimpaired, and continued in the chess field, is a matter of conjecture."

ture. He might still be the best player in the world. But it is foolish to assert that there has been no progress in chess since his day."

THE ARTS AND SCIENCES.

GLUE is rendered water-proof by first soaking it in water until it becomes soft, and then melting it with gentle heat in linseed oil.

THE cost of manufacturing steel has been so reduced in England by the Bessemer process that steel ships can now be built at the same price as iron ones.

M. TOURELOT finds that the new star claimed to have been discovered in Andromeda is a part of the Milky Way, and thus explodes the theory of the birth of new stars.

"Tin plates a mile long" is rather a startling announcement, yet Sir Henry Bessemer hints that the means for producing such will be his next contribution to the science of practical metallurgy.

A MANUFACTURER of Breslau, Prussia, is stated to have built a chimney over fifty feet in height entirely of paper. The blocks used in its construction were made of compressed paper, jointed with silicious cement. The chimney is said to be very elastic, and also fire-proof.

THE *Medical World* says that an easy method of removing bits of foreign bodies from the eye is to place a grain of flaxseed under the lower lid and close the lids. The seed becomes quickly surrounded by a thick adherent mucilage which entraps the foreign body and soon carries it out from the angle of the eye.

JOHN LUBBOCK says that ants of the same nest, however large it may be, have a means of recognizing each other not easily explained. The recognition is immediate and complete, even after an absence of a year from the nest. Concerning the longevity of ants, he said he had kept two queen ants for twelve years.

A NOVELTY in silver is the discovery of a process of electro-plating with silver upon wood, and its adaptation to handles of all kinds, including umbrellas, canes, carving-knives, etc. The silver is thrown upon the wood by a process which has proved extremely difficult in practice. The deposit of silver, of course, follows all the peculiarities of the wood, and the ordinary handle is simply garished in most ineradicable silver. The special advantage is in the variety of designs that may be produced.

A SOLUTION of oxalic acid has been used for removing ink-stains from cotton, linen or the fingers, but it is attended with the danger of injuring textiles and the skin. A much safer and better treatment of ink or rust stains consists in the application of two parts of powdered cream of tartar and one part of finely powdered oxalic acid. Shake up the ingredients well together, and apply the powder with a dry rag to the dampened stain. When the spot has disappeared, the part should be very well washed.

THE investigations made by the Prussian Fire-damp Commission to ascertain the causes of explosions in mines show, among other things, that many explosions attributed to firedamp, or outbursts of gas, are really due to the fine coal-dust in mines. It appears that all kinds of dust are capable of exploding violently when ignited by such means as the electric spark, and that the explosion extends much further with coal-dust than with firedamp. The experiments relative to this inflammability of coal-dust are stated to have been devised as nearly as possible in accordance with the conditions prevailing in practice.

THE introduction of the megaphone on ship-board—a sort of telescope for the ear, or machine for magnifying sound—is said to be a boon in prospect for mariners. Its design is to enable a person to hear or carry on a conversation with people at a distance, and it is constructed of two huge cone-shaped tubes, eight feet long and three in diameter at the large end, which diminish to an apex in the form of rubber tubes small enough to place in the ear. Between these tubes are two smaller ones, constructed in the same manner, but not more than half the diameter. By placing the rubber tubes in the ear and speaking through the smaller cones, the person can hear and be heard at a long distance, and it thus aids mariners in listening for the sound of breakers, or carrying on conversation with persons on shore, or on other vessels at a distance.

AMONG the recent mechanical inventions is an ingenious arrangement of dividers and calipers. The legs of the divider are united at the upper ends by a spring, and each leg is provided at about one-third its length from the upper end with a widened part having a central circular aperture, the edges of which are made concave transversely; in each aperture a spherical nut is placed from the outside, and extending through the nuts are the ends of a screw having right and left threads, and with a milled disk at the middle. The spring presses the legs from each other, and this exerts sufficient outward pressure against the nuts to hold them in place by friction, and prevent their turning; by turning the milled disk in one direction or the other, the legs will be separated or brought together. When the dividers are to be folded for transformation the screw is turned out of the nuts and withdrawn from the legs, the points of which are placed in a case to protect them, and the nuts are attached to the ends of the screw, which is placed in the case, between the legs.

DEATH-ROLL OF THE WEEK.

JANUARY 16TH.—In Cambridge, Mass., Henry Norman Hudson, LL.D., the distinguished Shakespearean scholar, aged 72 years. *January 17th*.—In Newport, R. I., Mrs. Anna Maria Greene, wife of a son of General Nathaniel Greene of Revolutionary fame, aged 102 years; in Italy, Amilcare Ponchielli, the famous composer, aged 62 years; in England, Joseph Maas, the famous tenor, aged 37 years; in Geneva, Switzerland, Joseph Milmore, the American sculptor, aged 46 years; in France, Paul Baudry, the eminent painter, and decorator of the Paris Opera House, aged 58 years. *January 18th*.—In Canon City, Col., General John D. Freeman; in Woodstock, Vt., Hosea Dotson, scientist and civil engineer, aged 74 years. *January 20th*.—In Houston, Texas, Dr. Ashbel Smith, formerly Minister of the Texas Republic to the Courts of Great Britain, France and Spain. *January 22d*.—In New York, ex-Judge Henry C. Gardner, a California pioneer of 1849, aged 76 years; in New York, Hyman Hildburghausen, a prominent Hebrew merchant and humanitarian, aged 74 years; in New York, Captain John G. Bown, an old navigator of Long Island Sound, aged 76 years; in Waterbury, Conn., ex-Mayor Isaac E. Newton.

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

THE new Government of Peru has been recognized by England.

MR. W. H. SMITH has accepted the office of Chief Secretary for Ireland.

THE German Government has again declared its purpose to uphold monometalism.

THE town of Findlay, Ohio, has a gas well giving 10,000,000 feet daily—the biggest in the world.

THE United States Supreme Court has decided that taxes upon commercial "drummers" by States and cities are unconstitutional.

THE leading financiers and merchants of New York city have united in a letter to Senator Evarts urging him to use his influence to secure a suspension of the present compulsory coinage of silver.

THE tunnel under the Mersey River, extending from Liverpool to Birkenhead, was opened formally last week. The Prince of Wales and other notables were on the train that made the opening trip through the tunnel.

THE Supreme Court of Illinois has affirmed the validity of the new Election Law, which the people of Chicago voted for at the last Fall election. The law will probably put an end to the irregularities which have so long characterized elections in that city.

THE people of Montana are clamoring for the admission of the Territory as a State. Montana is a Democratic Territory, the Democratic majority ranging from 500 to 1,000, and on that score her citizens believe that she will be admitted as an offset to Republican Dakota.

EX-MINISTER JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL is expected soon to appear before the Patent Committees of the two Houses, with other gentlemen who are interested in the movement for the establishment of an international copyright system, to discuss the measures pending before the committees upon this subject.

SEVERAL disastrous snowfalls occurred at various points in Colorado last week. In one case two teamsters, with their mules and wagons, were buried under fifteen feet of snow. Another blizzard swept over the Northwestern States on the 22d inst., the mercury in some places falling to 40 degrees below zero.

A SIX-YEAR-OLD son of Seward Applegate, living near New Brunswick, N. J., who was bitten by a dog on the 17th of December, died a horrible death from hydrophobia on Monday of last week. The farmers living in the neighborhood are greatly excited, and the extirpation of wandering dogs will be continued with great vigor.

AN anonymous benefactor has deposited the sum of \$100,000 with the Central Trust Company for the New York Historical Society, as a nucleus for a fund to erect a new building; the gift being subject to the condition that the further sum of \$300,000 shall be raised by the Society within two years from November 30th, 1885.

UNDER the will of the late Daniel A. Jones, one of the ex-presidents of the Chicago Board of Trade, the Old People's Home of that city receives the income of \$250,000; the Board of Home Missions of the Presbyterian Church gets \$10,000; the Board of Foreign Missions, \$10,000; and the Presbyterian Hospital of Chicago the same amount.

THE State Temperance Alliance of Iowa declares officially that the prohibitory law in that State is generally enforced. A report of the Secretary states that 701 saloons have been closed, that 437 towns have reported a majority of population in favor of enforcement, and that about \$6,000 in fines have been paid by violators of the prohibitory law in justices' courts alone.

A BILL has been introduced in the New York Legislature which provides that honorably discharged soldiers and sailors who may become disabled, and thereby a charge upon the counties, shall not be sent to the almshouse, but shall be maintained outside that institution. The benefits conferred by the Act shall be extended to the wife, widow or minor children of the unfortunate veteran.

In a recent sermon to women on marriage, Rev. Dr. Talmage said: "If you find a man who has never made any mistake, who is perfect, who is immaculate, don't marry him. It would be a swindle for you to do it. Why, you would unite yourself to perfection, and you are not fit to be married to an angel. There are no perfect men. I had two financial transactions with two perfect men, and they woefully cheated me."

In the Ohio Senate, last week, great excitement was occasioned by an attempt to unseat the Democratic delegation from Hamilton County. The Republicans carried their point so far as to order an open investigation of the whole subject of the election in that county. Then the Democrats took possession of the Senate, revoked the action, and adjourned for the week. The conflict will be renewed, and serious trouble is feared.

THE Government of Madagascar has consented to allow France to have a Minister Resident at the capital, and to maintain a special French guard. M. de Freycinet, the French Prime Minister, announces that the colonial policy of the present Government will be less adventurous than that of its recent predecessors. Expeditions to distant countries will be stopped, and no measures will be adopted involving the creation of new taxes.

ONE of Sir John Macdonald's chief objects in visiting England, whence he has just returned, was to urge Government aid for a fast line of steamers to run in connection with the Canadian Pacific Railroad from its terminus at Coal Harbor to China and Japan. Sir John states that he met with much encouragement for the project, but in the uncertain state of the Ministry it is impossible to be very positive of anything. It was the design to have the Government provide a first-class mail service over the proposed route.

POSSIBLY most of the people who are familiar with the picture of the chocolate-girl which Messrs. Walter Baker & Co. have used for so long as their trade-mark, think it a creation of some artist's fancy. On the contrary, it is a portrait—the portrait of a very pretty Viennese woman—and has a romantic story attached to it. It seems that some years ago a young German student of noble birth fell in love with a pretty chocolate-girl who served him with this delicious beverage in a Vienna café. She was a respectable girl and he an honorable gentleman, and he married her. He felt proud of her humble origin, and had her portrait painted by a famous German artist in the picturesque costume she wore when he first met her, and this portrait is now among the most valued art treasures of the Government.



ICE-BOAT RACING ON THE HUDSON RIVER.—“A MILE A MINUTE” BREEZE.
SEE PAGE 391.



NEW YORK.—GRAND COASTING CARNIVAL AT ALBANY, JANUARY 20TH.—A MONSTER "BOB" RUSHING DOWN THE SLIDE ON MADISON AVENUE.

FROM A SKETCH BY A STAFF ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 393.

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The Mystery of the Mill.

By

ANNA KATHARINE GREEN,

Author of "THE LEAVENWORTH CASE," "HAND AND RING," "A STRANGE DISAPPEARANCE," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XVI.—THE GREEN ENVELOPE.

Yet could not quite forbear to say again,
"I would not doubt but men are ever men."

HER departure was a relief to me. First, because I had heard so much, I wanted an opportunity of digesting it; and secondly, because of my interest in the engraving she had shown me, and the impatience I felt to study it more closely. I took it up the moment she closed the door.

It was the picture of a martyr, and had evidently been cut from some good-sized book. It represented a man clothed in a long white garment, standing with his back to the stake, and his hand held out to the flames, which were slowly consuming it. As a work of art, it was ordinary; as the illustration of some mighty fact, it was full of suggestion. I gazed at it for a long time, and then turned to the book-case. Was the book from which it had been taken there? I eagerly hoped so. For, ignorant as I may seem to you, I did not know the picture or the incident it represented; and I was anxious to know both. For Mr. Barrows was not the man to disfigure a work of art by covering it with a coarse print like this, unless he had a motive; and how could even a suspicion of that motive be mine, without a full knowledge of just what this picture implied?

But though I looked from end to end of the various shelves before me, I did not succeed in finding the volume from which this engraving had been taken. Large books there were in plenty, but none of the exact size of the print I held in my hand. I own I was disappointed, and turned away from the book-case at last with a feeling of having been baffled on the verge of some very interesting discovery.

The theory advanced with so much assurance by Mrs. Simpson had not met with much credence on my part. I believed her facts, but not the conclusions she drew from them. Nothing she had related to me convinced me that Mr. Barrows was in any way insane; nor could I imagine for a moment that he could be so without the knowledge of Ada, if not of his associates and friends. At the same time I was becoming more and more assured in my own mind that his death was the result of his own act, and, had it not been for the difficulty of imagining a reason for it, could have retired to rest that night with a feeling of real security in the justness of a conclusion that so exonerated the man I loved. As it was, that secret doubt still remained like a cloud over my hopes, a doubt which I had promised myself should be entirely removed before I allowed my partiality for Mr. Pollard to take upon itself the character of partisanship. I therefore continued my explorations through the room.

Mr. Barrows's desk presented to me the greatest attraction of anything there; one that was entirely of the imagination, of course, since nothing could have induced me to open it, notwithstanding every key stood in its lock, and one of the drawers was pulled a little way out. Only the law had a right to violate his papers; and hard as it was to deny myself a search into what was possibly the truest exponent of his character, I resolutely did so, consoling myself with the thought that if any open explanation of his secret had been in these drawers, it would have been produced at the inquest.

As for his books, I felt no such scruples. But then, what could his books tell me? Nothing, save that he was a wide student and loved the delicate and imaginative in literature. Besides, I had glanced at many of the volumes, in my search after the one which had held the engraving. Yet I did pause a minute and run my eye along the shelves, vaguely conscious, perhaps, that often in the most out-of-the-way corners lurks the secret object for which we are so carefully seeking. But I saw nothing to detain me, and after one brief glance at a strong and spirited statuette that adorned the top shelf, I hurried on to a small table upon which I thought I saw a photographic album.

I was not mistaken; and it was with considerable interest I took it up and began to run over its pages in search of that picture of Ada which I felt ought to be there. And which was there; but which I scarcely looked at twice, so much was my attention attracted by an envelope that fell out from between the leaves as I turned them eagerly over. That envelope, with its simple direction, "Miss Ada Reynolds, Mourne Street, 8—," made an era in my history. For I no sooner perceived it than I felt confident of having seen it or its like before; and presently, with almost the force of an electric shock, I recollected the letter which I had brought Ada the afternoon of the day she died, and which, as my startled conscience now told me, had not only never been given her, but had not been so much as seen by me since, though all her belongings had passed into my hands, and the table where I had flung it had been emptied of its contents more than once. That letter and this empty envelope were, in style, handwriting and direction, *fac-similes*. It had, therefore, come from Mr. Barrows; a most significant fact, and one which I had no sooner realized than I was seized by the most intense excitement, and might have done some wild and foolish thing, had not the lateness of the hour restrained me, and kept my passionate hopes and fears within their proper bounds. As it was, I found myself obliged to take several turns up and down the room, and even to open the window for a breath of fresh air, before I could face the sub-

ject with any calmness, or ask myself what had become of this letter, with any hope of receiving a rational reply.

That in the startling and tragic events of that day it had been overlooked and forgotten, I did not wonder. But that it should have escaped my notice afterwards, or if mine, that of the landlady who took charge of the room in my absence, was what I could not understand. As far as I could remember, I left the letter lying in plain view on the table. Why, then, had not some one seen and produced it? Could it be that some one more interested than I knew had stolen it? Or was the landlady of my former home alone to blame for its being lost or mislaid?

Had it been daylight I should have at once gone down to my former boarding-place to inquire; but as it was ten o'clock at night, I could only satisfy my impatience by going carefully over the incidents of that memorable day, in the hope of rousing some memory that would lead to an elucidation of this new mystery.

First, then, I distinctly recollected receiving the letter from the postman. I had met him at the foot of the steps as I came home from my unsuccessful search for employment, and he had handed me the letter, simply saying, "For Miss Reynolds." I scarcely looked at it, certainly gave it no thought, for we had been together but a week, and I had as yet taken no interest in her concerns. So mechanical, indeed, had been my whole action in the matter, that I doubt if the sight of Mr. Barrows's writing alone, even though it had been used in transcribing her name, would have served to recall the incident to my mind. But the shade of the envelope—it was of a peculiar greenish tint—gave that unconscious spur to the memory which was needed to bring back the very look of the writing which had been on the letter I had so carelessly handled; and I found, as others have found before me, that there is no real forgetfulness in this world; that the most superficial glance may serve to imprint images upon the mind, which only await time and occasion to reappear before us with startling distinctness.

My entrance into my own room, my finding it empty, and the consequent flinging of the letter down on the table, all came back to me with the utmost clearness. Even the fact that the letter fell face downwards and that I did not stop to turn it over. But beyond that, all was blank to me up to the moment when I found myself confronting Ada standing with her hand on her heart in that sudden spasm of pain which had been the too sure precursor of her rapidly approaching doom.

But wait! Where was I standing when I first became conscious of her presence in the room? Why, in the window, of course. I remembered now just how hot the afternoon sun looked to me as I stared at the white walls of the cottage over the way. And she—where was she?—between me and the table? Yes! She had, therefore, passed by the letter, and might have picked it up, might even have opened it, and read it before the spell of my reverie was broken, and I turned to find her standing; there before my eyes. Her pallor, the evident distress under which she was laboring, even the sudden pain which had attacked her heart, might thus be accounted for and what I had always supposed to be a purely physical attack prove to be the result of a mental and moral shock. But, no. Had she opened and read the letter, it would have been found there; or if not there, at least upon her person after death. Besides, her whole conduct between the moment I faced her and that of the alarm in the street below precluded the idea that anything of importance to her and her love had occurred to break her faith in the future and the man to whose care she was pledged. Could I not remember the happy smile which accompanied her offer of assistance and home to me? And was there anything but hope and trust in the tone with which she had designated her lover as being the best and noblest man in town? No; if she had read his communication and afterwards disposed of it in some way I did not observe, then it was not of the nature I suspected; but an ordinary letter, similar in character to others she had received, foretelling nothing, and only valuable in the elucidation of the mystery before me from the fact of its offering proof presumptive that he did not anticipate death, or at all events did not meditate it.

An important enough fact to establish, certainly; but it was not the fact in which I had come to believe, and so I found it difficult to give it a place in my mind, or even to entertain the possibility of Ada's having seen the letter at all. I preferred rather to indulge in all sorts of wild conjectures, having the landlady, the servant, even Dr. Farnham, at their base; and it was not till I was visited by some mad thought of Zara Colwell's possible connivance in the disappearance of this important bit of evidence, that I realized the enormity of my selfish folly, and endeavored to put an end to its further indulgence by preparing stoically for bed.

But sleep, which would have been so welcome, did not come; and after a long and weary night, I arose in anything but a refreshed state, to meet the exigencies of what might possibly prove to be a most important day.

The first thing to be done was undoubtedly to visit my old home and interview its landlady. If nothing came of that, to hunt up the nurse, Mrs. Gannon, whom, as you will remember, I had left in charge of my poor Ada's remains when sudden duty in the shape of Dr. Farnham carried me away to the bedside of Mrs. Pollard; and if this also came to naught, to burst the bonds of secrecy which I had maintained, and by taking this same Dr. Farnham into my confidence obtain at least an adviser who would relieve me, if only partially, from the weight of responsibility which I now felt to be pressing rather too heavily for my strength.

But though I carried out this programme as far

as seeking for and procuring an interview with Mrs. Gannon at her place of nursing, I did not succeed in obtaining the least clue to the fate of this mysteriously lost letter. Neither of the women mentioned had seen it, nor was it really believed by them to have been on the table when they arranged the room after my Ada's peaceful death. Yet even to this they could not swear, nor would the landlady admit but that it might still have been lying there when they came to carry Ada away, though she would say that it could not have been anywhere in view the next day, for she had thoroughly cleaned and tidied up the room herself; and as in doing this she had been obliged to shift every article off the table on to the bed and back again, she must not only have seen, but handled, the letter twice; and this she was morally certain she did not do.

I was therefore in as great perplexity as ever, and was seriously meditating a visit to Dr. Farnham, when I bethought me of making one final experiment before resorting to this last and not altogether welcome alternative.

This was to examine everything which had been on the table, in the hope of discovering in some out-of-the-way receptacle the missing letter for which I had such need. To be sure it was an effort that promised little, there having been but few articles on the table capable of concealing even such a small object as this I was in search of; but when one is at their wits' ends, they do not stop to discuss probabilities, or even to weigh in too nice a scale the prospect of success.

Recalling, therefore, just what had been on the table, I went to the trunk in which these articles were packed, and laid them out one by one on the floor. They were as follows: A work-basket of Ada's; a box of writing-paper; a magazine; an atlas, and two volumes of poetry, one belonging to Ada and one to me.

One glance into the work-basket was sufficient, also into the box of stationery. But the atlas was well shaken, and the magazine carefully looked through, before I decided it was not in them. As for the two books of poetry, I disclaimed them so completely, I was about to toss them back unopened, when there came upon me a disposition to be thorough, and I looked at them both, only to find snugly ensconced in my own little copy of Mrs. Browning the long-sought and despaired-of letter, with its tell-tale green envelope unbroken, and its contents, in so far as I could see, unviolated and undisturbed.

CHAPTER XVII.—DAVID BARROWS

I have lived long enough.

—Macbeth.

BEFORE I proceeded to open this letter, I reasoned some time with myself. The will by which I had come in possession of Ada's effects was, as I knew, informal and possibly illegal. But it was the expression of her wishes, and there had been no one to dispute them or question my right to the inheritance she had so innocently bequeathed me. At the same time I felt a hesitation about opening this letter, as I had about using her money; and it was not till I remembered the trust she had reposed in me, and the promise I had given her to support Mr. Barrows's good name before the world, that I summoned up sufficient determination to break its seal. My duty once clear to me, however, I no longer hesitated. This is the result:

September 23d.—Evening.

MY BELOVED ADA—Could I by any means mitigate the blow which I am forced to deal you, believe me it should be done. But no words can prepare you for the terrible fact I am about to reveal, and I think from what I know of you, and of your delicate but strong soul, that in a matter of life and death like this the most direct language is what you would choose me to employ.

Know then, dearest of all women, that a duty I dare not fly from condemns me to death; that the love we have cherished, the hopes in which we have indulged, can have no fulfillment in this world, but must be yielded as a sacrifice to the inexorable claim of conscience and that ideal of right which has been mine since I took upon myself the lofty vocation of a Christian minister.

You, my people, my own self even, have thought me an honest man. God knows I meant to be, even to the point of requiring nothing from others I was not willing to give myself. But our best friends do not know us; we do not know ourselves. When the hour of trial came, and a sudden call was made upon my faith and honor, I failed to sustain myself, failed ignominiously, showing myself to be no stronger than the weakest of my flock—ay, than the child that flies before a shadow because it is black, and he does not or will not see that it is his father's form that casts it.

Such lapses on the part of men professing to lead others demand heavy penalties. I feared to lose my life, therefore my life must go. Nothing short of this would reinstate me in my own eyes, or give to my repentance that stern and absolute quality which the nature of my sin imperatively demands.

That I must involve you in my sorrow and destruction is the bitterest drop in my cup. But, dainty and flower-like as you are, you have a great nature, and would not hold me back from an act necessary to the welfare and honor of my eternal soul. I see you rather urging me on, giving me your last kiss, and smiling upon me with your own inspiring smile. So sure am I of this, that I can bear not to see you again; bear to walk for the last time by your house, leaving only my blessing in the air. For it is a part of my doom that I may not see you; since, were I to find myself in your presence, I could scarcely for fear telling you whither I was going, and that no man must know till all has been accomplished.

I go, then, without other farewell than these poor words can give you. Be strong, and bear my love as many a noble woman before you has borne the wreck of all her hopes. When I am found—

as some day I shall be—tell my people I died in the Christian faith, and for the simple reason that if they love me they will take my word for it; but if questions should arise, and a fuller knowledge of my fate and the reasons which led me to such an act should in your judgment seem to be required, then go to my desk, and, in a secret drawer let into the back, you will find a detailed confession which will answer every inquiry and set straight any false or unworthy suspicions that may arise.

But heed these words and mark them well: Till such a need should arise, the manuscript is to be kept inviolate even from you; and no matter what the seeming need, or by what love or anxiety you may be driven, touch not that desk nor drawer till ten days have elapsed, or I shall think you love my body more than me, and the enjoyment of temporal comfort to the eternal weight of glory which is laid up for those who hold out steadfast to the end.

And now, my dear, my dear, with all the affection of my poor, weak, erring heart, I hold out arms of love towards you. Farewell for a short space. When we meet again may it be on equal terms once more, the heavy sin blotted out, the grievous wrong expiated.

Till then, God bless you.

DAVID.

Do not wonder at my revealing nothing of this in our late interviews. You were so happy, I dared not drop a shadow one day sooner than was necessary into your young life. Besides, my struggle was dark and secret, and could brook no eye upon it save that of the eternal God.

CHAPTER XVIII.—A LAST REQUEST.

'Tis she

That tempts him to this extremity.

—Richard III.

THE night had fallen. I was in a strange and awe-struck mood. The manuscript, which after some difficulty I had succeeded in finding, lay before me unopened. A feeling as of an invisible presence was in the air. I hesitated to turn the page, written, as I already felt, with the life-blood of the man in whose mysterious doom the happiness of my own life had become entangled.

Waiting for courage, I glanced mechanically about the room. How strangely I had been led in this affair! How from the first I seemed to have been picked out and appointed for the solving of this mystery, till now I sat in the very room, at the very desk, in front of the very words, of its victim. I thought of Dwight Pollard struggling with his fate, and unconscious that in a few minutes the secret of Mr. Barrows's death would be known; of Zara Colwell, confident of her revenge and blind to the fact that I held in my hand what might possibly blunt her sharpest weapon, and make her most vindictive effort useless. Then each and every consideration of a purely personal nature vanished, and I thought only of the grand and tortured soul of him upon whose solemn and awesome history I was about to enter. Was it, as his letter seemed to imply, a martyr's story? I looked at the engraving of Cranmer, which had been a puzzle to me a few days before, and understanding it now, gathered fortitude by what it seemed to suggest, and hastily unrolled the manuscript.

This is what I read:

"He that would save his life shall lose it."

In order that the following tale of sin and its expiation may be understood, I must give a few words to the motives and hopes under which I entered the ministry.

I am a believer in the sacred character of my profession, and the absolute and unqualified devotion of those embracing it to the aims and purposes of the Christian religion. Though converted, as it is called, in my sixteenth year, I can not remember the time when every pulse in my body did not beat with appreciation for those noble souls who had sacrificed every joy and comfort of this temporal life for the sake of their faith and the glory of God. I delighted in Fox's "Book of Martyrs," and while I shuddered over its pages in a horror I did not wholly understand, I read them again and again, till there was not a saint whose life I did not know by heart, with just the death he died and the pangs he experienced. Such a mania did this become with me at one time, that I grew visibly ill, and had to have the book taken away from me and more cheerful reading substituted in its stead.

Feeling thus strongly in childhood, when half, if not all, my interest sprang from the fascination which horrors have upon the impressible mind, what were my emotions and longings when the real meaning of the Christian life was revealed to me, and I saw in this steadfastness of the spirit unto death the triumph of the immortal soul over the weaknesses of the flesh and the terrors of a purely transitory suffering.

That the days for such displays of firmness in the fiery furnace were over was almost a matter of regret to me in the very first flush of my enthusiasm for the cause I had espoused. I wished so profoundly to show my love, and found all modern ways so tame in comparison to those which demanded the yielding up of one's very blood and life. Poor fool! did I never think that those who are the bravest in imagination fail often the most lamentably when brought face to face with the doom they have invoked?

I have never been a robust man, and consequently have never entered much into those sports and exercises incident to youth and early manhood that show a man of what stuff he is made. I have lived in my books till I came to 8—, since which I have tried to live in the joys and sorrows of my fellow-beings.

The great rule of Christian living has seemed to me imperative. Love your neighbor as yourself, or, as I have always interpreted it, more than

yourself. For a man, then, to sacrifice that neighbor to save himself from physical or mental distress, has always seemed to me not only the height of cowardice, but a direct denial of those truths upon which are founded the Christian's ultimate hope. As a man myself, I despise with my whole heart such weaklings; as a Christian minister, I denounce them. Nothing can excuse a soul for wavering in its duty because that duty is hard. It is the hard things we should take delight in facing; otherwise we are babies and not men, and our faith a matter of expediency, and not of that stern and immovable belief in God and His purposes which can alone please Deity and bring us into that immediate communion with His spirit which it should be the end and aim of every human soul to enjoy.

Such are my principles. Let us see how I have illustrated them in the events of the last six weeks.

On the Sixteenth of August, five weeks ago to-day, I was called to the bedside of Samuel Pollard. He had been long sinking with an incurable disease, and now the end was at hand, and my Christian offices required. I was in the full tide of sermon-writing when the summons came, and I hesitated at first whether to follow the messenger at once or wait till the daylight had quite disappeared, and with it my desire to place on paper the thoughts that were inspiring me with more than ordinary fervor.

But a question to my own heart decided me. Not my sermon, but the secret disinclination I always felt to enter this especial family, was what in reality held me back; and this was a reason which, as you will have seen from the words I have already written, I could neither countenance nor yield to. I accordingly signified to the messenger that I would be with Mr. Pollard in a few moments, and putting away my papers, prepared to leave the room.

There is a saying in the Bible to the effect that no man liveth to himself, nor dieth to himself. If in the course of this narrative I seem to show little consideration for the secrets of others, let this be at once my explanation and excuse: That only in the cause of truth do I speak at all; and that in holding up before you the follies and wrong-doings of persons you know, I subject them to no heavier penalty than that which I have incurred through my own sin. I shall therefore neither gloss over nor suppress any fact bearing upon a full explanation of my fate; and when I say I hesitated to go to Mr. Pollard because of my inherent dislike to enter his house, I will proceed to give as my reason for this dislike, my unconquerable distrust of his wife, who, if a fine-looking and capable woman, is certainly one to be feared by every candid and truth-loving nature.

But, as I said before, I did not yield to the impulse I had within me to stay; and, merely stopping to cast a parting glance about my room—why I do not know, for I could have had no premonition of the fact that I was bidding good-by to the old life of hope and peace for ever—I hastened after the messenger whom I had sent on before me to Mr. Pollard's home.

Small occurrences sometimes make great impressions on the mind. As I was turning the corner at Halsey Street, the idiot boy Colwell came rushing by, and almost fell into my arms. I started back, shuddering, as if some calamity had befallen me. An invincible repugnance to anything deformed or half-witted has always been one of my weaknesses, and for him to have touched me—I hate myself as I write it, but I cannot think of it now without a chill in my veins and an almost unbearable feeling of physical contamination. Yet as I would be as just to myself as I hope to be to others, I did not let this incident pass without a struggle to conquer my lower nature. Standing still, I called the boy back, and deliberately, and with a reverential thought of the Christ, I laid my hand on his arm, and, stooping, kissed him. It cost me much, but I could never have passed that corner without doing it; nor were I to live years on this earth, instead of a few short days, should I ever let another week go by without forcing my body into some such contact with what nature has afflicted and man contemned.

The pallor which I, therefore, undoubtedly showed upon entering Mr. Pollard's room was owing to the memory of this incident rather than to any effect which the sight of the dying man had upon me. But before I had been many minutes in the room, I found my pulse thrilling with new excitement, and my manhood roused to repel a fresh influence more dangerous, if less repulsive, than the last.

(To be continued.)

THE CHICAGO FOUNDLINGS' HOME.

THE handsome and substantial buildings of the Foundlings' Home, on South Wood Street, Chicago, indicate the prosperous condition of a noble and important charity. It has not always been thus. During the fifteen years which have elapsed since the Home was started by its present Superintendent, Dr. George E. Shipman, it has passed through many severe struggles for existence. Dr. Shipman, shocked at the numerous cases of infanticide coming to his notice, and the almost daily cases of abandonment, determined, if there was no one else to establish a foundling asylum, to do it himself. He had no money, but a vast fund of faith. Accordingly, in 1871, with his wife's aid, he hired a little house, and, received the first foundling in a crib made out of an old champagne-basket. There were soon plenty of babies, but the scarcity of everything else was disheartening. But Dr. Shipman persevered, and generous people rallied about him. Finally the Relief and Aid Society took up the enterprise, and in May, 1874, the Home was established in new and commodious quarters on South Wood Street. Up to that time it had taken in over a thousand children, in some cases taking care of the mothers also, and employing them as wet nurses. The Home continuing to enlarge its sphere of labor, a second new building was erected in 1883-84, ad-

joining the first, and completing the commodious establishment as it now stands.

The Home endeavors not only to take care of and provide for children, but, when possible, to save the mothers also. The latter, upon application, are kept through their time of trouble, and afterwards have a home as long as they may desire it, on condition of serving as wet nurses. Since the institution was opened, over 5,000 children, mostly illegitimate, have been taken in. Less than half of this number have lived. About 1,000 have been placed in professed Christian homes, the remainder being returned to their parents or friends. In view of the large death-rate, it must be remembered that a great many of the infants are received in feeble condition, in some cases after exposure which has made it impossible to save them. It has also been demonstrated that children can not be brought up wholesale by hand. Since 1882, the policy of the institution has been to take no more children than can be properly nursed, leaving others to the care of the city and county.

The Home, inside and out, is illustrated on page 397. The little unfortunates are so well taken care of, that during the time they remain in Dr. Shipman's charge they do not know the want of a mother's care.

A COASTING CARNIVAL IN ALBANY.

THE City of Albany is just now in the midst of what may be called the "bob" sled craze. Coasting has always been a favorite winter sport in that pleasant capital, but it was not until the present season that it rose to the dignity of a fashionable amusement. For some weeks past preparations have been in progress for a grand demonstration of bob-sled clubs, and on the evening of the 20th instant the affair came off on a scale which gratified all participants.

The procession was half a mile long, and presented features that never before have been seen in New York State. Over 150 bobs, representing eighty clubs, were in line. Some of these were drawn by horses and were covered with Chinese lanterns, flags and red fire, while others were hauled in old volunteer fireman style by scores of young men. Many of the men in the line wore the picturesque toboggan costumes. The "Mikados" paraded in Japanese suits, and had Japanese decorations on their bob. Thousands of people lined the streets through which the procession passed. Afterwards the clubs adjourned to the coasting-hills and toboggan-slides, that on Madison Avenue, which we illustrate, being especially popular. Until nearly midnight the steep hill, stretching out half a mile to the river, was alive with flying bobs, carrying hilarious loads, and watched by crowds that packed the sidewalks.

An Albany bob is not simply a plank fastened upon two hand-als. It is an elaborate machine, fifteen to forty feet long, gorged in fancy paint, gold-lettering, and cushions, and equipped with complicated steering apparatus, head lights, steel brakes, and trip gongs. Many of the bobs are surmounted by handsome canopies, hung with lanterns, adorned with rosettes and festoons of evergreens. The largest bob, the *J. W. Bentley*, is thirty-eight feet long. The plank was brought from Maine specially to assist in its construction. It is supplied with two brakes that resemble the tiller on fire-trucks, and are mounted in brass. A huge gong is supposed to give timely warning to people who might get in the bob's way. It carries twenty-five persons comfortably, and has attained a speed approaching a mile a minute. Half a dozen of these bobs tearing down-hill faster than the wind, loaded down with jocund passengers, the jangling of the gong and the warning voice of the police, make things lively along the descents. The women dress in the true Canadian style, and when ready for a spin appear like butter-balls in colors. A thick woolen suit, with very brief skirt, well padded, to counteract a fall or a toss from the sled, long colored stockings that reach above the knees, and a pair of moccasins, convert an Albany belle into a Canadian or Indian snowshoe-walker so perfectly, that only an expert can detect the counterfeit.

WAYS OF THE AUTOGRAPH-HUNTER.

A FEMINE autograph-hunter thus takes the public into her confidence, through the medium of the New York *Sun*: When I was in England I served an apprenticeship to the art of photograph-hunting, which ended in my becoming a proficient. Yet I blush at times to think of the "ways that are dark and the tricks that are vain" resorted to by an otherwise unsophisticated damsel as a means to an end. I suppose I have always been a hero-worshiper, for when a girl not yet in my teens I consumed my little allowance of pin-money in buying portraits of distinguished men and women, with which to adorn my album. Autograph letters of celebrities are now harder to obtain than they were a few years ago. It has become a mania with so many, that "men of light and leading" are deluged with applications for their autographs, and a hunter must, indeed, be ingenious and indefatigable who can elicit a reply from those whose calligraphy is worth the having. At first I hunted exclusively for autographs, but it occurred to me that autographs alone were of little interest or value unless affixed to a letter, and I will tell you how I enhanced the value of my collection. The two hardest nuts to crack, or, in other words, the two celebrities who are icily indifferent to the importunities of autograph-monsters, are Bismarck and Tennyson. Even scraps of their handwriting are valued at ten dollars apiece by bric-a-brac-dealers in London. Innumerable letters sent direct to the great Chancellor brought never a line in response, and I grew sad. A bright idea struck me. Why not write to his wife, who is reputed to be benevolence personified? I suited the action to the word, and by return of mail came an imposing epistle, with the Berlin postmark upon it, which set my heart beating at a fearful rate, and destroyed my appetite for a whole day. It contained a cabinet photograph of Bismarck, with his bold, clear signature at the foot, and a kind note from the princess, saying that she was happy to comply with my request. Oh! how I gloated over that portrait!

Tennyson's autograph was my next desideratum. It came to me unexpectedly, but not until I had wasted much ink and paper in appealing to the laureate himself. I wrote to the late Duke of Wellington—a little man with a big heart, who wore cotton gloves and invariably rode on the top of an omnibus—asking for a few words or lines in the handwriting of the hero of Waterloo. He sent me a check, yellow and musty, which had been filled in by the Iron Duke, and, to my unutterable joy, he inclosed a batch of letters, hoping, as he playfully put it, that they would be worth a place in my album. The batch of letters consisted of one from Tennyson, another from Queen Victoria, and one in the legible, though somewhat boyish,

handwriting of Albert Edward, Prince of Wales. There were others from smaller fry, but this trio did, indeed, form a place in my album, and, as I am a conservative, they occupy a prominent position.

Von Moltke is a dear old man. He will send his autograph to anybody, but he has this peculiarity, that he always returns your own communication with his signature cramped into a corner.

Charles Darwin would rarely respond to an application for his autograph, but when I wrote, asking for an elucidation of what to me was a complex portion of his "Origin of Species," he was prompt in replying. His calligraphy was wretched, and I felt like asking him to explain his explanation. An initial letter, a dash of the pen, and a final letter, were made to represent a word. His reply could only be understood by guess-work and the aid of a powerful microscope. To Professor Tyndall and Professor Huxley I wrote, asking their opinion with regard to a theory which had been put forth by a scientist named Harrington, that the sun was not a source of heat or light to the solar system. Huxley, I verily believe, esteemed me a lunatic, but, although his reply was curt, it gave me his autograph. Tyndall wrote me at some length, saying that he had heard of Mr. Harrington's theory, but Mr. Harrington's ideas were not his, and he would advise me to pause before making them my own.

Probably no man is so much importuned as Mr. Gladstone, and, unlike Beaconsfield, he will, when out of office, send a personal answer to almost every communication he receives, and, if by any chance a request for his autograph should be unsuccessful, one has only to mention some current political topic to open the floodgates of his eloquence and draw from him a torrent of closely written sentences.

Cardinal Newman is ever responsive, but in nine cases out of ten you don't actually get his handwriting, although you think you do. The great theologian has had lithographed a few lines which serve as an answer to most of the commonplace communications he receives—a sort of literary panacea for the ailments of autograph-hunters. It runs thus: "Excuse me. I am an old man, and my hand is feeble."

I was a long time getting a letter from Mr. Ruskin, but it came at last. For some reason which I cannot now explain, I asked his opinion as to what were the best theological works for a young member of the Church of England to improve her mind with. His reply was this: "I have no time to write you at any length, and I take no interest in any young ladies who study theology." FLORENCE M.

FACTS OF INTEREST.

A TELEGRAPH line 300 miles in length is to be constructed in Corea.

TWENTY-FIVE years ago there were no newspapers in Japan. Now there are more than 2,000.

ONE of the most important of a series of Roman remains found in France has been unearthed near Nantes. The chief feature of it is a theatre that would hold 4,000 people.

DANIEL'S "Lehrbuch der Geographie" for the year 1886 gives the population of the world at 1,435,000,000, speaking 3,064 languages and dialects, and embracing 1,100 forms of religion.

NORTH DAKOTA has more than one hundred flourishing newspapers, many of which are dailies. Ten years ago this region was described in the Government reports as "the uninhabitable alkali desert of the Northwest."

THE Czar's ukase ordering the expulsion from Russia of all Prussians not naturalized will affect 100,000 persons. The employers have eight months in which to quit Russia, the workmen six months, and the peasants six weeks.

A NUMBER of English capitalists have subscribed \$5,000,000 to erect large iron and steel works at Birmingham, Ala., where they can make iron at \$12 per ton, steel at \$17, and steel rails at \$21, which can be put on board a vessel at \$23 to \$25 a ton.

A FRENCH farmer recently telegraphed to M. Pasteur to ask if his sixty cows, which had been bitten by an alleged mad dog, might be brought to the Rue d'Ulm for inoculation. The great chemist replied to the effect that, his laboratory being full of human patients, he must decline to turn it into a stock-yard.

ONE Charles Stratton, of Akron, Ohio, recently sold his wife for five cents to a saloon-keeper named Bott, who was already provided with a helmet. The wife, it appears, was a willing party to the transaction, and has ever since lived at the Bott house, and so far as can be learned dwelt in harmony with the other alleged wife.

A NEW plan for improving the quality of drinking water is under consideration by the Water Board of Boston. It is proposed to build an open conduit, a mile or more in length, from the outlet of the water system, in which large, rough boulders are to be placed. The water, rushing swiftly over and between these rocks, will be so agitated, it is thought, as to do away with that impurity which depends upon partial stagnation.

THE exodus of colored laborers from North Carolina for points West is beginning to excite great interest. Not less than 3,000 colored persons have recently left the State, mostly for Arkansas and Kansas. They continue to emigrate Westwards, but there seems to be no further demand for them in Kansas, and they are now going to California. A batch of seventy have just gone to Los Angeles, where they have contracted to work in the vineyards and hop-fields.

DURING the past two weeks of January Commissioner Sparks canceled, for fraud, 78 homestead, pre-emption and timber-culture entries, and 101 pre-emption filings, and held for cancellation upon the same grounds 79 homestead and other entries. This action will restore to settlement 35,000 to 40,000 acres of land. During the same period he recommended criminal suits against twenty-one persons for cutting timber on the public lands, and civil suits in sixteen cases to recover \$287,459.

A SALE of 36,000 acres of pine land on the Dead River has just been made to a New York firm—the largest transfer of standing pine ever made in the upper peninsula of Michigan. The price paid was \$360,000. The land is estimated to have 200,000,000 feet of standing pine upon it. It was sold at that figure because at present it is inaccessible. Between \$200,000 and \$300,000 will be required to put the river in condition for running logs, and in that will be included the construction of a railroad either five or eight miles long. Included in the transfer are all the water privileges, the power of which is estimated at 1,800 horses.

PERSONAL GOSSIP.

THE Pope limits his personal expenses to \$2.50 per day.

MME. PATTI has been again ill, and her physician says she will not be able to sing for a month.

GENERAL SHERMAN says he would not deliver a lecture on his "march to the sea" for \$1,000,000.

LOUIS KOSSTUTH is in failing health. He has gone to Sorrento, where he will pass the Winter.

GOVERNOR HILL appeared as a tobogganist at the opening of the new Ridgetfield slide at Albany, last week.

JEFFERSON DAVIS's autographs, to the number of many thousands, are said to flood several South-western States.

In a two weeks' campaign in Cleveland, Francis Murphy and his son pinned the temperance ribbon on 25,000 converts.

GENERAL DE COURCY, the French commander in Adam, has been recalled. His place will be taken by General Warnet.

CHARLES DE LESSEPS, the son of the distinguished engineer, has been made an officer of the French Legion of Honor.

GENERAL JOHN F. HARTMAN, of Pennsylvania, has been appointed one of the managers of the National Soldiers' Home, in the place of General McClellan.

MR. ADOLPH SUTRO, of San Francisco, proposes to build an immense aquarium, 120 feet in diameter, near the Cliff House, in that city, to be stocked with every variety of sea-anemone and shell-fish.

It is probable that Mme. Christine Nilsson will retire from the stage at the conclusion of her American tour. In a recent interview she said she was fond of English society, and would probably settle in London.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL is at the head of a Boston committee which is soliciting funds with which to erect a building for the American school of classical study at Athens. The Greek Government will give the site, two acres of ground, worth \$13,000.

SOME member of Queen Victoria's household ekes out his or her income by acting as court reporter for London *Truth*. Police agents are employed to discover the culprit, and it is thought that disgrace will be his portion when discovered.

A MILWAUKEE correspondent writes us that the visit of Harrison, the "boy preacher," to that city, was not a failure; that, as a result of it, more than one hundred persons united with city churches, and that the collections more than paid the current expenses.

EX-SENATOR THURMAN, of Ohio, in a letter to an intimate friend, says: "You will never be gratified by seeing me enter public life again. I am now on the retired list, with my own full consent, and with no inclination whatever for active life, except as a private."

JAY GOULD had planned to steam as far into the tropics as Rio Janeiro, but his notion is now said to be to turn the *Atlanta's* prow towards the western shores of the Caribbean Sea. Should he linger long enough thereabouts he may meet M. de Lesseps, who is to leave Havre for Panama on the 28th inst.

CRITICS complain of Daniel Huntington's White House portrait of ex-President Arthur, because it represents "a New York club-man just stepping out of the Brunswick *caf  *, after an excellent luncheon." Those who know Mr. Arthur personally pronounce the picture a characteristic likeness, upon the same grounds.

SARAH BERNHARDT and her handsome husband, Damala, are no longer "out." A Paris letter announces that she has made up with him, "entirely forgiving him for what she had done to him." She is going to take him on her tour through the United States and South America, giving him \$60,000 of the \$420,000 she is to receive from her managers.

MR. STEAD, editor of the London *Pall Mall Gazette*, who, in November, was sentenced to three months' imprisonment for his connection with the Eliza Armstrong abduction case, was last week released from prison. At a meeting held in Exeter Hall on the day of his release, Mr. Stead received a present of a purse of £113, which had been subscribed in penny donations by women.

MINISTER PENDLETON and family are now said to be enjoying life in Berlin, and have successfully introduced afternoon teas. The Crown Princess and other noble ladies have attended these teas, and drank with apparent relish the beverage which is now so universally drunk at afternoon receptions. The diplomats in Berlin are adopting this form of entertaining, and it may become popular with the Germans.

THE "Typotheta" of the City of New York celebrated the 180th anniversary of Benjamin Franklin's birth by a dinner at Delmonico's, on Monday evening of last week. An astonishing number of celebrities turned up as ex-printers. Ex-Governor Rice of Massachusetts, Mark Twain, Isaac H. Bailey, E. C. Stedman, Will Carlton and Dr. Paxton contributed wit and eloquence to the occasion, and a large number of interesting letters of regret were received.

JUDGE STALLO, the new American Minister to Italy, is already popular in Rome, owing to his linguistic acquirements and scholarly tastes. He has established himself in a neat apartment in the villino De Renzi at the Via Giacta in the Argentine, which had been finished by an English artist in the antique style. Everything is of the fifteenth century there—paintings, glasses, lamps, carpets, curtains and chairs. The reception-room of the Embassy, with carved tables and oak arm-chairs, is well suited to the dignified figure of the American Judge.

A REMINISCENCE of "Nieu Amsterdam" days was called up by the Rev. C. Van Emerick, now before the North Classis of the Reformed Dutch Church of Long Island. Mr. Van Emerick has been pastor of the Reformed Church of Sayville, L. I., about eight years, always preaching in Holland Dutch. "Two years ago the younger members of the congregation complained that they could not understand Dutch and wanted a new pastor. Last Spring, the consistory of the Sayville Church left in a body and refused to return while Mr. Van Emerick was pastor. Only women and children were left in the church. The condition of Mr. Van Emerick and his family during the Winter has been most pitiable, they having suffered severely from cold and hunger."

A NEW PROPELLING FORCE.

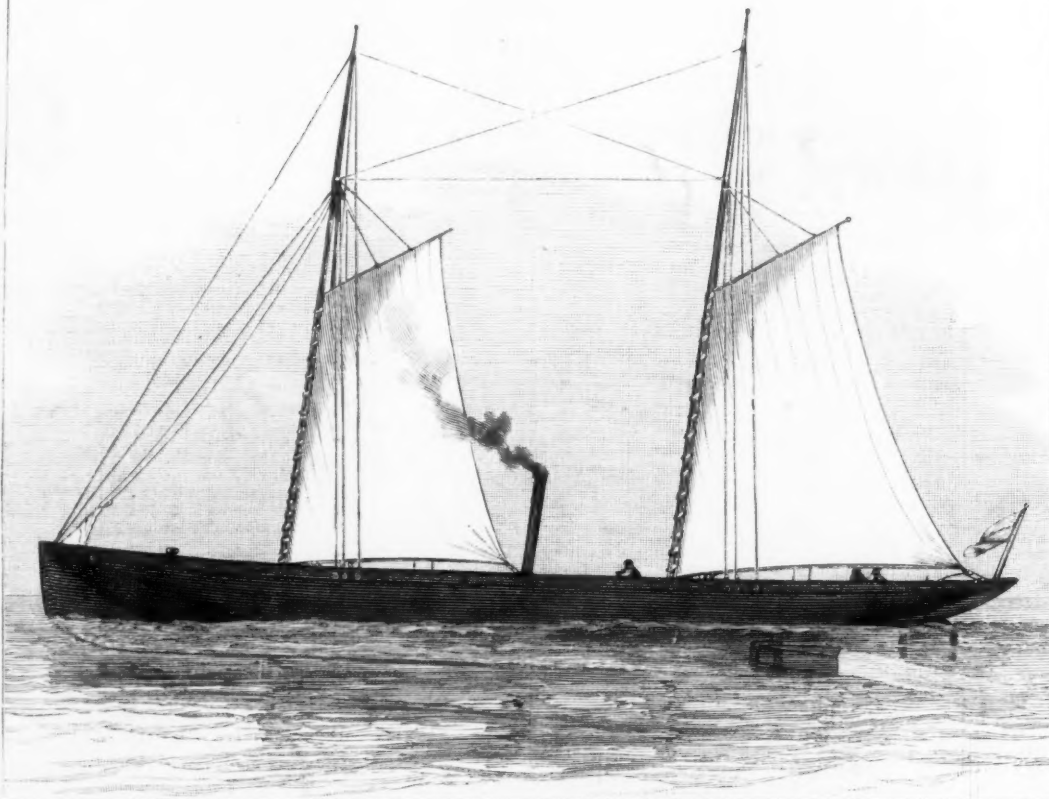
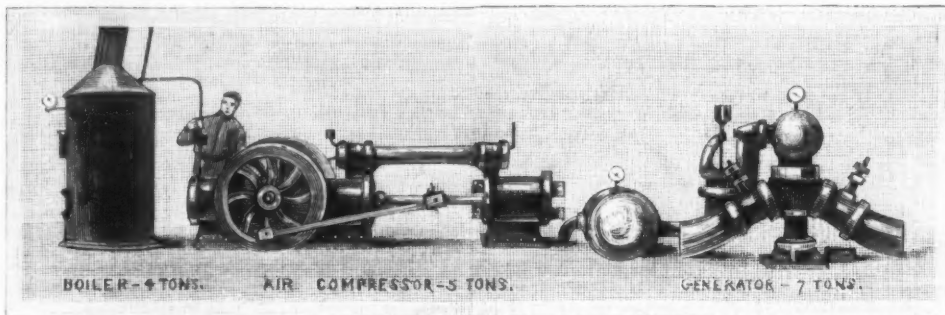
WE illustrate on this page Mr. John Secor's singular and interesting device for propelling ships and boats by direct application of the motive power to the water, by which means it is hoped to gain a great increase in speed, combined with an extraordinary economy of fuel. Experiments directed towards the perfecting of the yacht already built on this plan are in progress at Poillon's shipyard in Brooklyn. The details of the invention have not yet been made public; but a general explanation, in connection with the engravings, will give the reader an idea of the principle upon which it is constructed.

The boat which has been built for the present experiments is a neat yacht of the ordinary model, about a hundred feet in length. The only peculiar external feature is a pair of wedge-shaped iron pipes, or shutles, extending out aft through the run of the vessel, under the quarters. These two pipes, which are closed by valves to keep the water out, are connected with a hollow steel globe in the forward part of the hold. The machinery consists of a small upright boiler, an engine, an air-compressor, a small dynamo, and a tank with a pump attached. The theory of propulsion is simply this: The engine forces the air into the globe until the pressure is 500 pounds to the square inch. The little pump sends a small stream of petroleum from the tank into the same receptacle. A spark from the dynamo ignites the petroleum, causing an immense volume of gas to rush out through the iron tubes under the ship's quarters. The inventor claims that the volume of the gas will be so great that the pressure at the mouth of each pipe will be fifteen tons, or about 105 pounds to the square inch of mouth of the pipes. This pressure of gas against the water is expected to force the vessel forward at an extraordinary speed, with a trifling expenditure of fuel. It is said that by the ordinary method of propelling a ship by steam only four per cent. of the actual energy of the coal consumed is realized in the motion of the vessel. Mr. Secor proposes to cause the combustion of his fuel in a chamber opening directly against the water. The combustion will be so rapid as to be really an explosion. These explosions can be produced eighty times a minute, if desired, and a pressure of thirty tons may therefore be exerted eighty times a minute between the stern of the ship and the water.

Should Mr. Secor's invention succeed in doing anything like what he expects of it, navigation will be revolutionized. The idea of moderate-sized ships, with cargoes, circumnavigating the globe without having to take on fuel during the trip, and of Liverpool packets crossing the ocean in four or five days, seems more like a flight of imagination than a scientific project with possibilities of realization.

BROOKLYN BRIDGE OBSERVATORIES.

WE give upon this page an illustration of the plan for the utilization of the towers of the Brooklyn Bridge, which has been presented to the



A NEW PROPELLING FORCE.—THE SECOR EXPERIMENTAL BOAT, NOW BUILDING.
FROM SKETCHES BY A STAFF ARTIST.

Trustees by Miss Linda Gilbert, and is now under consideration. Her proposition is to build upon the top of each of the two towers an ornamental palace of glass, with stout iron framework, to which passengers shall be conveyed by steam elevators at a moderate charge, one-quarter of the proceeds to be secured to the promotion of the charitable and reformatory work in which she is engaged, and the balance to the Bridge treasury. The scheme suggested, if carried out, would serve the double purpose of affording increased accommodation to the public and largely increasing the Bridge revenues. The tops of the towers would become grand observatories, and hundreds of visitors would, it is believed, ascend daily to the lofty heights. In a recent interview, Miss Gilbert said: "I am constantly hampered in my work for lack of funds. I came from an inventive family. One of my cousins invented the present elevated railroad system, which for a long time went by the name of the 'Gilbert Road.' Others of my family have invented other things more or less useful, and I have patented a noiseless rail for steam roads. So I came naturally to this idea of utilizing the tops of these towers, at present not very ornamental nor useful as supports to the Bridge cables, but capable, as I think, of more extended use. There can be built there two of the grandest points of observation in the world, and, if I can be assured of one-quarter of the receipts, I can purchase a tract of land somewhere out of the city, to which I can convey the class of persons who are now burdens upon the community, and set them at work and prevent their becoming either criminals or paupers. That is my idea, and I don't think there is anything in it Utopian or visionary." The scheme will certainly attract general attention.



JUDGE OWEN N. DENNY, AMERICAN ADVISER AND GENERAL SUPERINTENDENT OF CUSTOMS, KINGDOM OF COREA.
PHOTO. BY TOWNE & MOORE.

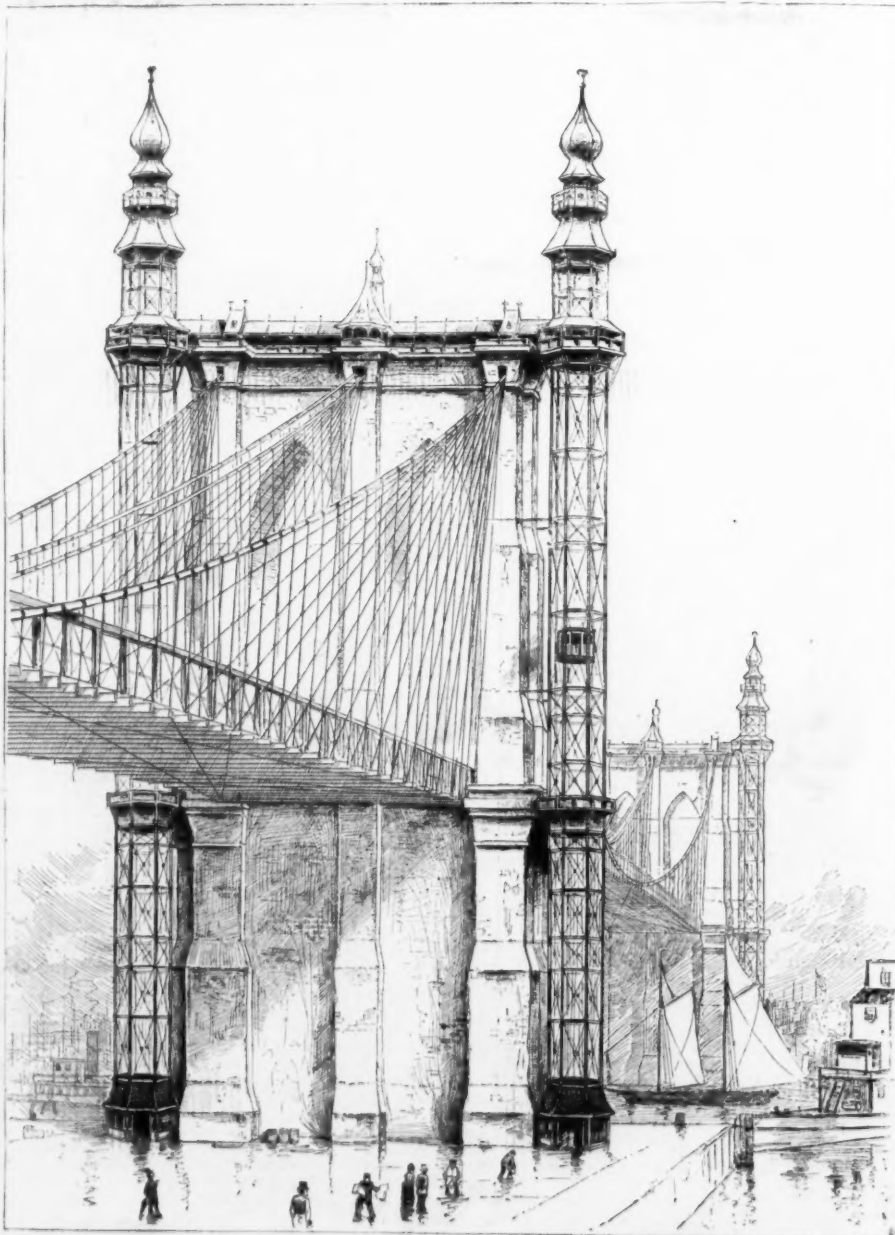
HON. OWEN N. DENNY,

FOREIGN ADVISER AND GENERAL SUPERINTENDENT OF CUSTOMS, KINGDOM OF COREA.

HON. OWEN N. DENNY, the American Comptroller of the Korean Customs Duties and Finances, was born in Ohio in 1838, and removed to Oregon with his parents in 1852. He was educated at Willamette University; studied law and was admitted to the Bar of the Supreme Court of that State in 1862; was elected Judge of one of Oregon's Courts in 1871, and again in 1873, serving several years. He was appointed by President Grant Collector of Internal Revenue for that State in 1875, and in 1877 resigned to accept the position of United States Consul at Tien-Tsin, China. In 1879 he was promoted to United States Consul-general to China, and served until 1883, when he resigned and resumed the practice of his profession in Oregon.

In October, 1885, he was, without solicitation, appointed by the King of Corea Foreign Adviser and General Superintendent of Customs for the Korean Government, at a salary of \$12,000 per annum and all expenses. He left for the scene of his official duties at Seoul, the capital of Corea, on the steamer which sailed from San Francisco on the 29th of December last.

Judge Denny is a man of great force of character, rare judgment and executive ability; a lawyer of excellent capacity and ripe experience, and in all respects well equipped for the duties of the responsible position to which he has been called. A good deal will depend on Judge Denny in this very important position. For his example and guidance he has a conspicuous model in the person of Robert Hart, who for thirty years has administered the customs of China, and to whose integrity and skill the high credit that that Empire enjoys is largely due. Like him, Judge Denny will find himself in a large degree master of the kingdom whose servant he professes to be. He will control its finances, and have much to say about its foreign financial relations, and will



NEW YORK.—MISS LINDA GILBERT'S PLAN FOR MAKING USE OF THE BROOKLYN BRIDGE TOWERS AS OBSERVATORIES.



ILLINOIS.—THE CHICAGO FOUNDLINGS' HOME, FOUNDED BY GEORGE E. SHIPMAN, M. D.
FROM SKETCHES BY C. UPHAM.—SEE PAGE 395.

hold the balance of power between contending political factions, the Japan party on the one side and the Chinese on the other. Being a thorough-going American, he will not be likely to forget the trade and commercial interests of his own native country, the development of which in that quarter of the globe will be wholly consistent with the welfare of Corea itself.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

DOMESTIC.

MR. CHARLES J. CANDA, of New York, has been appointed Assistant United States Treasurer.

THE Superintendent of the Board of Health of Montreal reports that there is not a single case of smallpox in the city or suburbs.

A COAL-MINE explosion at Newburg, West Va., on the 21st inst., killed between thirty and forty persons who were at work in the mine.

In the Senate, last week, Mr. Van Wyck introduced a Bill making it a misdemeanor to insert in a contract a clause requiring payment in gold.

PRE-IDENT CLEVELAND's first dinner to the Diplomatic Corps, given last week, was one of the most magnificent affairs of the kind ever seen in the White House.

THE striking Hungarians employed in the coke regions near Pittsburgh, Pa., last week became turbulent, and several serious conflicts were had with the police sent to the scene. The miners in their desperation destroyed considerable property belonging to their employers.

A TERRIFIC storm visited the Pacific coast last week, continuing for three days. In San Francisco, a great deal of damage was done to property, and the city was for a time cut off from telegraphic communication with the outside world. Serious washouts occurred on the Central and the Southern Pacific Railroads.

FOREIGN.

M. MEISSONIER, the artist, is a candidate for the French Senate.

SPAIN will appoint Governors of the Caroline and Pelew Islands, and will send out troops to establish garrisons.

THE "ART INTERCHANGE."

ARTISTS and art-lovers can scarcely spend a dollar more wisely than in a three months' subscription to the ART INTERCHANGE of New York, which is an exceptionally strong and valuable paper of its class. It presents in each number examples of merit in drawing and in color, full-size designs in black and white for embroidery, with a large amount of practical discussion and instruction, answers to correspondents, and other features which make a publication of substantial and permanent value. HOME DECORATION, a fortnightly, similar to the ART INTERCHANGE, but more particularly devoted to the field indicated by its title, is also issued from the same office.

A VALUABLE COOK-BOOK.

AMONG recent publications of T. B. Peterson & Brothers, of Philadelphia, is "Francatelli's Modern Cook-book for 1896." This is undoubtedly one of the best guides to the culinary art, in all its branches, which is now in print. It comprises, in addition to English cookery, the most approved and *recherché* systems of French, German and Italian cookery. It is adapted for the use of all cooks, families, large or small, as well as for all hotels, restaurants, cake-bakers, clubs, confectioners, and boarding-houses; in fact, for all places where any kind of cooking is required. It is written by Charles Elme Francatelli, pupil to the celebrated Carême, and Chief Cook to Her Majesty Victoria, Queen of England. The present edition, the twenty-sixth, has many important additions, and embraces Francatelli's Instructions for the Service of Wines, denoting the order in which they should be drunk at the dinner-table, a Bill of Fare for every day in the year, etc. There are 1,480 receipts, with sixty-two illustrations, to which is added a complete glossary of the entire work, the whole contained in one large royal octavo volume of 600 pages, printed on tinted paper, and strongly bound in beveled boards. The price of the volume is only \$5. Housekeepers will find it invaluable.

THE EAGLE PENCILS.

THE EAGLE PENCIL COMPANY, manufacturers of almost everything which makes a mark in the world, have lately introduced several new and effective styles of pencils, among which may be mentioned "the self-erector" and "the double swell," whose names sufficiently indicate their character, and "the cresolite," a pretty imitation of agate, horn and cornelian. The "Eagle gold grade 2½" pencil, specially prepared for drawing, is a favorite with artists, while the "new stop gauge automatic pencil" is much more convenient than its name, and a complete writing outfit for business correspondence. The Eagle Company's catalogue is a gem in its way, and full of beauty as well as useful information.

FUN.

IT is no new thing for rabid people to go to Palestine. Nebuchadnezzar went to pasture several thousand years ago.

EVERY one has a will and a mind to think for himself, yet many will go about hacking and coughing until a friend recommends DR. BULL'S COUGH SYRUP for that cough.

THE TALK OF THE DAY.—Mrs. A—"I hear that the Modemackings are going to spend the winter in Paris." Mrs. B—"Indeed, you surprise me! When were they bitten?"

NEWSPAPER writers do not like to do it, but they are obliged to say when a person is burned to death, that he was "burned to a crisp." Newspaper readers, you understand, like their mental aliment well done.

A BANKER AND HIS FRIENDS.

ALVARADO HOWARD, Esq., is Treasurer of the Savings Bank of Stafford Springs, Conn. Like many other bank men, he had suffered from overwork. There is a sort of headache which is peculiarly the lot of the bank man, closely applying himself to business. With it comes a weary and broken-down sensation of inability to give full attention to business. All this Mr. Howard suffered, with lack of appetite, loss of flesh, and the other symptoms which, with unpleasant plainness, tell the story of dyspepsia.

"I was very 'spirited,'" said Mr. Howard, to one of our correspondents who visited him at his cozy cottage at Stafford Springs. "My wife was greatly concerned about me. I had taken advice and medicine from the regular physicians, but with very little advantage. Some friends of my wife had taken Compound Oxygen, and had sent her circulars and pamphlets about it. She was much interested in what she read of it, and said she thought this was what I needed. While she was away from home for two or three weeks I sent for a 'Treat-

ment.' You may judge of the effect of the Oxygen on me when I tell you that, although I had not told my wife I had got it, she noticed from the character of the letters I wrote her that I was in better spirits, and consequently in improved health."

"Had the Compound Oxygen, then, so soon begun its good work on you?"

"Yes; it did its work much more quickly than I had any reason to expect. I was surprised; for, although I anticipated good results, I had not supposed they would be felt so quickly. Within a week I was so much better that I was going to put the Oxygen away and take no more of it. But I concluded that it would be better to keep on with it for a while, and so I took a few weeks, and was so completely restored to health that I had no further need for any remedy. That was three years ago. Since that I have never been without Compound Oxygen in the house, and I do not intend to be without it at any time."

"Then you have had to resort to it pretty much all the time?"

"By no means; only occasionally, when I have had a cold or something of that kind. But my wife has used it and derived great benefit from it, and so have the children."

"I believe my wife would have been dead but for Compound Oxygen. Her lungs troubled her. The pain was very severe, particularly in the left lung. The symptoms were those of incipient consumption. Both last Winter and Winter before she took Compound Oxygen through nearly all the cold weather and with the most remarkable effect. It strengthened her, removed the lung-pain, and generally and particularly built up her health."

"As for the children; my boy is eight years old. He has grown up quickly and is half a head taller than most other boys of his age. He has taken Compound Oxygen for colds and as a tonic and strengthening agent, and has ever since him better. We have the utmost confidence in it for him. He is six months old, and has learned to inhale like a grown person. She had a cold with catarrhal symptoms, and was entirely relieved and cured with Compound Oxygen. I may add that I myself am naturally disposed to catarrh. Since I have used this Oxygen, which is now about three years, the catarrhal troubles have not annoyed me."

"Three or four weeks ago I was suddenly taken down with quinsy. Compound Oxygen had done so much for me in other respects that I tried it for this. I took it pretty hot, putting the tube well down my throat so as to reach the sore and swollen parts. Almost at once it brought down the swelling and took away the pain. Do you wonder that I so thoroughly believe in such a remedy?"

"I think you said you had friends who had used it, Mr. Howard? Has their success with it been as great as yours?"

"Yes; so completely satisfactory that I recommend it to every friend that I have."

"A lady who was with us, but who now lives in Boston, was troubled with severe colds. My wife urged her to use Compound Oxygen. 'It is all folly,' she replied. 'When one of my hard colds takes hold of me, I must let it run and take its course.' But the Oxygen broke up in three days as severe a cold as she had ever been taken with."

"My sister, who lives in New Haven, a married lady, some twenty-four years ago strained her voice and injured her lungs and throat, the injury resulting in chronic bronchitis. For about three years she has used Compound Oxygen, which has kept her alive, for she was nearly dead. That she should be entirely cured of such a deep-seated and protracted malady would be too much to expect. But she has been greatly relieved and her life made incomparably more comfortable than it otherwise could have been."

"A young lady, a friend of ours, living a few miles out of town, has for a long time been troubled with lung disease. The doctor said her left lung was badly diseased, and it was only a question of time when she must die. Her digestive and other functions were much deranged. Both she and her sister were prejudiced against the use of Compound Oxygen, and the only way I could induce them to consent to the use of it was to send for a 'Treatment,' and assure them that if it did no good in three or four weeks I would stand the expense of it. A week after she began to use it she said that she never had tried anything which had done her so much good."

"She has now improved wonderfully, though, of course, not yet entirely cured, but, oh, how different from what she was!"

"Mr. C. Kinney, Town Clerk of Stafford, had two or three attacks of asthma. The old-school physician, who had treated him, of course condemned Compound Oxygen, and said it was no better than so much warm water. Mr. Kinney took the Oxygen, however, and was greatly relieved."

"Well, Mr. Howard, you really seem to have become a sort of an apostle of Compound Oxygen to all your friends and neighbors. Is it not so?"

"Call it what you choose. I believe in this thing with all my heart. Whatever it is made of I don't pretend to know. I know only what it has accomplished for me and my friends, and therefore I freely advise those who are sick to use it. And I have seen its benefit in relieving those who were too far gone for entire recovery. It cannot be expected to work miracles; but even to relieve those who must die is a great achievement for it. Here, for instance, is the case of a young lady who was taken with a severe throat difficulty, which settled on her lungs and ran into consumption. I had some Compound Oxygen in the house and I placed it at her disposal. This was too late to save her, for she was by this time very far gone. She lived for a few weeks, but during those weeks she experienced great relief. The family wished that they had known of the Compound Oxygen, and had used it, long before."

"Another—a gentleman and his wife who are now in California. The lady had a cankered sore throat and a bad cough. The doctor said she was drifting into consumption. Her husband disliked to displease the medical man by trying a remedy contrary to his advice, but I asked him which he would rather do, please the doctor and bury his wife, or save his wife and confound the doctor. He finally sent for a 'Treatment.' His wife tried it and her sore throat soon got well. She began to gain in her general strength and health. They had made their arrangements to go to California and soon after went there. I have since heard from them. The lady is now strong and hearty, with her health entirely restored."

"A young lady who is a neighbor of ours was for years in such a low state of health that she could not half enjoy her life. She had been under medical attendance for a chronic sort of way, which gave her little or no benefit. We gave her circulars about Compound Oxygen. She received them courteously, but said she was already under medical treatment and did not want to make a change. One day she came to our house with such evidently improved health that we at once asked her what she had been doing. 'You needn't say anything about it,' said she. 'I've been taking Compound Oxygen.' I could tell you a long story about her improvement, but suffice it to say that we are all surprised to see her in a chronic sort of way, which gave her little or no benefit. We gave her circulars about Compound Oxygen. She received them courteously, but said she was already under medical treatment and did not want to make a change. 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